

3MR
9

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
NUMA POMPILIUS,
SECOND KING OF ROME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
M. DE FLORIAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY; J.
STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY; AND W. CREECH,
EDINBURGH.

MDCCCLXXXVII.

9



TO HIS EXCELLENCY
BARON NOLCKEN,
ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND
MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY
FROM HIS MAJESTY THE
KING OF SWEDEN;
COMMANDER OF THE ORDER
OF THE POLAR STAR, &c. &c.

THIS TRANSLATION OF
NUMA POMPILIUS
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S
MOST OBEDIENT
HUMBLE SERVANT
THE TRANSLATOR.

C O N T E N T S.

O F

V O L U M E I.

B O O K I.

Tullus, the high priest of Ceres, educates Numa, who passes for his son. The feast of Ceres. Tullus informs Numa, that he is the son of Pompilius, a prince descended from the Sabine kings. He relates to him the history of his mother Pompilia; the rape of the Sabines; the death of his parents; the war between the Romans and Sabines; the alliance of the two people; the education of Numa in the temple of Ceres, and the command of that goddess for his being sent to Rome. Numa visits the tomb of his mother. Prepares for his departure. The advice of the pontiff. The parting of Tullus and Numa - I

B O O K II.

Numa in his journey to Rome, falls asleep in a wood, and has a mysterious dream. He continues his journey. Description of the neighbourhood of Rome, and of that warlike city. Tatius's reception of Numa. The character of that amiable monarch, and of
VOL. I. a his

his daughter Tatia, of Romulus, and of his daughter Hersilia. Numa meets Hersilia, and is enraptured with her. The first effects of his passion. The return and triumph of Romulus - - 48

B O O K III.

Numa, enraptured with Hersilia, determines to follow her to the battle. Tatius supplies him with arms, and presents him to the army. The joy of the old Sabine soldiers on seeing the son of Pompilius. Tatius wishes to follow him to the war; but the people, conducted by Tatia, persuade him to change his resolution. The departure and progress of the army. Romulus joins his ally the king of Campania. Description of that monarch's camp. Romulus is separated from him. The arrival and discourse of the ambassadors of the Marfi - 87

B O O K IV.

The Marfi being assembled, are desirous of appointing a general. Discord is sown among them. They determine that that candidate shall be elected, who shall break a pop-

CONTENTS. iii

a poplar. Young Leo succeeds in the attempt, and yields to a venerable senior the command. The army proceeds on its march: it meets with the Romans. The military skill of Romulus. The humanity of Numa; he offers a sacrifice to Ceres, and releases his prisoners. Ceres causes the Ancile to fall at his feet. Leo attacks, during the night, the Roman camp, sets it on fire, commits great destruction, and overthrows Romulus - - - 128

B O O K V.

Herfilia and Numa repulse the Marfi. The retreat of Leo. Romulus fortifies his camp. New exploits of Leo. The junction of the Marfi and the Samnites. Romulus assembles his counsel. Numa goes to secure the possession of some defiles among the Trebanian mountains. He meets there a body of people by whom he is beloved. The defeat of the Marfi in the defiles. Remarkable combat of Numa and Leo. The magnanimity of Numa. He hears that Tullus is dying; he relinquishes the camp to attend upon his friend - - - 169

B O O K

iv CONTENTS.

BOOK VI.

The joy of Tullus on seeing Numa. The tender and pious attention which is paid him by his pupil. The pontiff's prudent advice. The death of Tullus. The grief and regret of Numa. He wishes to return to Hersilia. He passes through a country laid desolate by that princess, and seized with horror at the scene, returns to Rome. Romulus's address to his people. Tatius's answer. Preparations for the marriage of Hersilia and Numa. Tatius is assassinated. Numa comes to his assistance, and swears to espouse his daughter

219

NUMA

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

B O O K I.

Tullus, the high priest of Ceres, educates Numa, who passes for his son. The feast of Ceres. Tullus informs Numa, that he is the son of Pompilius, a prince descended from the Sabine kings. He relates to him the history of his mother Pompilia; the rape of the Sabines; the death of his parents; the war between the Romans and Sabines; the alliance of the two people; the education of Numa in the temple of Ceres, and the command of that goddess for his being sent to Rome. Numa visits the tomb of his mother. Prepares for his departure. The advice of the pontiff. The parting of Tullus and Numa.

IN the center of an antient forest, contiguous to the city of Cures, in the country of the Sabines, was a temple consecrated to Ceres. The elms and poplars, of equal antiquity

B

with

with the foil, overspread it with their umbrage; and the river Cureſa, after having waſhed its walls, purſued its meandering courſe through the gardens of ſeveral ſolitary dwellings, built around the temple. In theſe ſacred retreats, the prieſts of the goddeſs paſſed their time, between the duties of their office, and the tender cares of their families. Protected by the divinity whom they adored, ſupported by the earth which they cultivated, beloved by their wives whom they made happy, bleſſed by their children, and at peace with themſelves, they enjoyed the ſweets of life, without dreading or deſiring diſſolution.

Of theſe the venerable Tullus poſſeſſed the command. At the age of eighty, he ſupported the office of the ſove-

sovereign priesthood, with all the zeal of a young man, and all the indulgence of an old one. Adored by those who enjoyed his society, respected by the rest of mankind, he was feared only by the wicked. A favourite of the gods, a friend to his fellow creatures, he seldom offered up prayers for himself; but was ever ready to supplicate for the widow and the orphan. Did a citizen of Cures, or an inhabitant of the neighbouring country, meet with any disaster; were his affairs deranged, or his family disunited; was he a parent, a husband, or a child, who was wretched? Tullus was sure to be visited for consolation. He never failed to search for those, who delayed to communicate their distresses. He was never weary of listening to their longest

complaints; he gave them encouragement and comfort, support and counsel. The unfortunate always returned from him, either less unhappy, or with less cause to be so. Thinking his own efforts of little value, he petitioned Ceres with the most earnest intreaties to succour the distressed.

Having lost the partner of his affections, Tullus bestowed his tenderest attention upon his son Numa. Heaven appeared desirous of recompensing the virtues of this old man, by the gifts which it had bestowed with such a lavish hand upon his adopted son. Numa had scarcely reached his sixteenth year; and possessed all the graces and softness of that early age, without its weakness and follies. He submitted to Tullus with a degree of veneration little inferior

ferior to that with which he paid his devotions to the presiding goddess. He was actuated by the most ardent desire of resembling him; and he studied his conduct as a perfect code of morality. Meditating incessantly on the precepts of his religion, he was anxious to be instructed in all the ceremonies of worship. His leisure was occupied by sacrifices and prayer. His love for Tullus and for study were his only passions; and his mind, pure as the etherial expanse, could not separate pleasure from duty.

The day of the festival of Ceres was arrived. Among the Sabines it was not celebrated in the same manner as at Eleusis. Tullus had carefully abolished that long catalogue of mysteries, concealed with so much care, and so little useful to the happiness of man-

kind. Can that divinity, said he, who is every where visible, who is every moment made manifest in the striking miracles of nature, require so much secrecy and parade to communicate her will to her creatures? Can it be more difficult to be grateful, than to receive her favours? No; Ceres, who provides for us all, beholds us all with affection. The field, which she crowns with plenty, becomes a temple of worship for the husbandman; and to her, whose bounty covers the earth, no one ought to be exempt from paying adoration.

Agreeable to this mode of reasoning, Tullus, in concert with his king, instituted the feast of Ceres. Every year, previous to the commencement of the harvest, all the husbandmen, arrayed in their best habits, assembled together in the city of Cures. From
hence

hence they bent their course to the temple. A troop of musicians, playing harmoniously on flutes, preceded; next a party of young virgins, carrying on their heads, in baskets ornamented with flowers, pure offerings for the goddesses. After these, the children of the husbandmen clothed in white, and crowned with garlands, led that voracious animal, which is fed from the produce of the oak. This numerous body, proud of guarding the victim, tried to affect a gravity of features, which was perpetually discomposed by their immoderate joy. Their fathers followed with deliberate steps, enjoining silence, and pardoning the disobedience of their commands. A sheaf of corn, the first fruits of the harvest, each carried in his hand. On this day, princes, warriors, and magistrates, forgot their

rank, and respectfully gave place to those, by whose labours they lived.

Tullus and his priests were waiting their arrival at the entrance of the sacred wood ; young Numa, crowned with odoriferous flowers, and clothed in a linen robe, stood by the side of Tullus. He observed him with frequent attention ; he perceived tears stealing down his cheeks, which his venerable friend seemed anxious to conceal. Though more afflicted by the grief of his father, than if it had been his own, he yet dared not, before so many witnesses, and during a ceremony so awful, to throw himself into his arms, and ask the cause of his inquietude ;—yet his silence, and the anxious tenderness of his features, betrayed his agitation. He, who had hitherto been so industriously attentive to the ceremonies of religion, at this moment

ment saw nothing but Tullus, thought only of him, and forgot the duties of his situation; and his eyes, which sought to penetrate the cause of his father's grief, were themselves suffused with tears.

They arrived at the temple. Tullus was prostrate before the goddess, presenting her with the first fruits of the field. Mother of mankind, said he, it is thou who givest fertility to nature, and it is thy father Jupiter, who inspires us with piety and gratitude. Immortal deities, we offer to you both the produce of your bounty. Reject not our grateful tribute; and may your supreme goodness, bestow on our fields, plenty; on our bodies, health; and on our minds, virtue.

This supplication ended, Tullus scattered over the victim, the sacred corn; with its head elevated towards

towards heaven, he sacrificed it, and saw it entirely consumed. After this ceremony, the husbandmen laid aside their sheaves. My brethren, said Tullus, addressing them, ye, as well as ourselves, are the priests of Ceres; these gifts of yours belong to the goddess, and, of course, to the poor. The priests of the gods are only treasure-houses for the distressed; it is you who are their benefactors. Appoint then some venerable man from amongst yourselves, who, associated with me for the year to come, shall assist me in relieving the unhappy; it is just that I render to you an account of those things which you commit, for their benefit, to my care. The husbandmen, conscious of Tullus's integrity, refused to give him a colleague! but he insisted upon this condition, and the

the choice of a proper person concluded the ceremony.

Numa burnt with impatience to be alone with his father. And Tullus had scarce left the temple, when his affectionate son flew into his arms. My father, said he, you are afflicted, and I am ignorant of the cause! Alas! I am too sensible that at my tender age I am unable to remove your distresses; but I can at least, share them with you; and I must of necessity weep, when I see your eyes bedewed with tears. My dear son, answered Tullus, for I will never renounce that sweet appellation, I have too much cause for anxiety; I am going to separate myself from him, who is much dearer to me than my life. And will you then abandon me, cried Numa, trembling.—No, my dearest child; it is you on the contrary—He could not finish;

finish; the throbbings of his heart stopped his voice. He took Numa by the hand, and leading him into the most retired part of the forest, when they were seated together on the grass, he addressed him in the following words:

Numa, thou art not my son.—A deadly paleness at these words, spread itself over the countenance of the young man, and his hand trembled in that of Tullus. Perceiving his emotion, and pressing him to his bosom, he made haste to add: Yes, I will always be thy father; that name is as dear to me as to thyself. But attend to the history of thy birth, and know to what an elevated destiny thou art called by heaven.

Numa embraced Tullus without reply; he listened in profound silence; he cast his eyes upon the ground, and his

his features seemed to say to Tullus,
Nothing can be compared with the
happiness of my being your child.

My son, continues the sage, thou
art indebted for life to Pompilius, a
prince of our blood-royal, whose un-
common virtues rendered him dear
to the gods, and to mankind. The
beautiful Pompilia, of the antient fa-
mily of the Heraclides, had been his
wife during ten years. Nothing was
wanting to this happy couple but
a pledge of their tender union.
Pompilius desired it with ardour; and
the tender Pompilia, who never formed
a wish of which her husband was not
the object, came every day to the
temple to prostrate herself before
Ceres, to bedew with tears the steps
of her altar, and to solicit, as the
summit of all bounty, the happiness
of having a son.

I sur-

I surprized her in the sanctuary. The fervour with which she prayed prevented her from observing that I was present. I heard her utter the following words: Beneficent Ceres, if thy father Jupiter hath destined me a long life, obtain rather from him, that I may perish in the flower of my age, provided I may leave to my husband a pledge of our chaste affection. Yes, powerful, immortal divinity, take back all the blessings I have received; withhold all those thou mayest design me; and bestow on me, instead of them all, a child. Let me hear his tender accents; let me hold him in my arms; let me press him to my bosom; let me cover him with kisses; let me present him to my husband bathed in the tears of happiness! and then let me expire: I shall die a mother; my life will have
been

been sufficiently prolonged. O Ceres, if thou hearest my desires, if thou grantest me a son, I swear to consecrate him to thee on this very altar; to teach him to bless thy name as soon as his tongue shall be able to pronounce it; to have him educated in thy temple, where he shall serve thee all his days; if thou wilt deign to be his mother, when Pompilia shall be no more.

On hearing her petition, my tears burst forth, I fell on my knees by the side of Pompilia; and joining my prayers to hers, I petitioned the goddess to hear us both. Alas! at what a price was her favour purchased!

A short time after, Pompilia acquainted me that she was pregnant. It is impossible to describe the transports of her joy. They approached to madness. Though the happy moment

ment she expected was at eight months distance, she had already provided every thing necessary to adorn her child. Emulous and proud of the name of mother, she was anxious that every thing which her child might want should be prepared by herself. She forbade her slaves the pleasure of contributing the least assistance. The hope of giving it nourishment, doubled the joy of perceiving it increase in growth; and the tender Pompilia, intoxicated with maternal affection, came more frequently to the temple to return thanks to the goddess, than she had attended before to obtain the object of her desires.

Her ninth month, so ardently wished for, at length arrived; when Romulus, with whose name you are not unacquainted, published throughout

out Sabinia that, to consecrate his city of Rome, which was scarce finished, he intended to celebrate games to the honour of the god of counsel. You know, my son, how highly that deity is held by us in veneration. Your pious mother would not allow an opportunity of honouring the gods to pass over unnoticed; she determined to attend at these games; and the too indulgent Pompilius conducted her thither.

He was accompanied by the greater part of the Sabines. Our wives and daughters hastened to Rome, in habits suited to the occasion. Alas! our brave citizens, little suspecting the snare which was laid for them, went unarmed. They entered the circus, without apprehension, where Romulus presided on a magnificent tribunal. By their sides, their wives and

C

daughters

daughters took their seats. Impatient to behold the sacrifice, they searched for its materials with enquiring eyes; little thinking that they themselves were to be the victims.

At a signal given by their king, the Romans drew their swords, and stopped every avenue of flight. Terrified to excess, the Sabine women threw themselves into the arms of their fathers, their brothers, or their husbands. The fierce soldiers of Romulus, leaped into the midst of the ~~sea~~; and with arms in their hands, and eyes darting fire, they attacked the men with threats, and the women with intreaties; and like famished wolves who have seized on trembling sheep, carried off the females in triumph. In vain did these utter the most piercing shrieks, and beg for instant death; in vain did our enraged
citizens,

citizens, forgetting their defenceless state, rush upon the ravishers, tear their swords from them, and stain the earth with Roman blood. The enemy, more numerous, sacrificed all who opposed them, put the rest to flight, and concealed their prey within the walls of Rome. Our countrymen distracted, bloody, covered with wounds, over-whelmed with grief and shame, returned to Cures to announce the horrid news, and to prepare for vengeance.

At the first moment of surprize, carrying your mother in his arms, Pompilius tried to open a passage through the ravishers. He had reached the gate of the circus, when a Roman cohort pursued him, and robbed him of his wife. Inspired by rage and despair, he soon gained possession of a sword ; and the Romans who

surrounded him, were the speedy victims of his revenge. He rushed forward, he gave and received wounds. He overtook Pompilia; he killed her ravisher; he regained the object of his heart, he embraced her in his blood-stained arms, he encouraged, he consoled her; and in spite of the impetuous enemy, in defiance of the arrows with which they assailed him, he escaped beyond the circus, recalled thy mother to life, and secured her safety. Like a Numidian lioness, who sees from far an imprudent hunter carrying off her young; furious, roaring, with eyes darting blood and fire, she springs on the unfortunate invader, who relinquishes his prey in vain; she tears him in numberless pieces, and scatters to the winds the quivering fragments of his limbs; then, tenderness succeeding to

to rage, she runs to her offspring, and loads them with careffes; she presses them to her bosom, which still trembles with the fury that she has so lately fatiated.

Such appeared Pompilius. Notwithstanding his severe wounds, he arrived at length at the temple. He placed his lovely burden at the foot of the altar of Ceres; he supplicated the goddess to save and protect her; and, having finished his prayer, exhausted with blood, fatigue, and anguish, he sunk down at the feet of his Pompilia, and expired.

Your mother, by my orders, was removed immediately from this scene of horror. She was carried to my dwelling, where she recovered her senses. The first word she uttered was Pompilius: she called for her husband; she was impatient

to see him ; she was anxious to go in search of him. I tried in vain to soothe her, and to conceal thy father's death, by pretending that he was a prisoner of the Romans. My tears and her own forebodings, conspired to assure her she was deceived. She sent forth heart-rending shrieks ; she rejected all consolation ; and, darting from us, declared she would expire on the body of her Pompilius.

Her agitation brought on the pangs of labour. Cruel Lucina, overwhelmed her with all her evils ; she sunk under them ; and the same instant which gave thee life, deprived thy mother of existence.

At these words, Numa threw himself into the arms of Tullus ; and the venerable sage, whose heart was ever open to another's woe, fully participated his sorrows. He soon however resumed his recital :

A nurse

A nurse was immediately procured to nourish thy feeble frame; for thou seem'dst at thy birth to start back at thy misfortunes; thou utter'dst the most piercing lamentations, and thy livid aspect appeared to announce thy dissolution. The worthy Amycla, the wife of a husbandman, offered her assistance; and her affectionate care, more than the food she gave thee, preserved thy life.

I was then occupied with the funeral obsequies of thy parents. I prepared a pile; I assembled the inhabitants of Cures, and the neighbouring country. Our good king Tatius, led them to the scene of sorrow. Soldiers, citizens, husbandmen, all lamented thy amiable father, all offered up prayers for his son. The

same fire consumed the remains of thy two accomplished parents. I collected their ashes in a silver urn, which was placed upon a tomb, in one of the most secret recesses of the temple.—I will see it, my father, exclaimed Numa; I will visit that tomb; I may justly shed my tears there, and kiss that urn which contains so dear a deposit. Yes, my son, replied Tullus, I will accompany thee thither.

The death of thy parents was revenged. Our brave Sabines, incapable of submitting to treachery and outrage, took arms, and, conducted by Tatius, marched towards the perjured city. The cowardly ravishers dared not to face our army, but skulked under the protection of their walls. Tatius besieged them, and suddenly, by a fortunate attack, rendered himself master of the citadel. Romulus,

lus, compelled to fight, or to abandon his city, offered battle at the foot of that capitol, which, according to the Roman prediction, must preside over the universe. Tatius accepted the challenge; and our countrymen eager to bathe their hands in the blood of their perfidious enemies, charged the Roman troops with all the violence, which fury added to courage could inspire. The ranks of the foe were broken; but were rallied by Romulus; alone he made resistance against the Sabines. He called aloud on Jupiter Stator; and that sacred name, together with his example, recalled his soldiers from flight. The Romans charged in their turn; shame animated their courage; lance was opposed to lance, buckler to buckler; horror and carnage were multiplied; and the combatants linked together, could not advance

advance a step, without treading on an enemy.

Victory, for a long time uncertain, inclined at last on the side of justice. Our valiant king Tatius, and his intrepid general Metius, pierced a second time the centre of the Roman army. The earth was covered with the dead; the Sabines were victorious; the fate of Rome and of Romulus would have been at that instant decided, had not an event the most unforeseen deprived us of the victory.

Those Sabine women, whom the Romans had ravished from us, with hair dishevelled, with eyes swollen with tears, with arms extended, uttering the most bitter lamentations, rushed into the midst of the combatants. Swords, javelins stained with blood, tumult, and carnage, inspired

the

them with no terror. Desist, exclaimed they, desist! Cease from a contest more impious than a civil war. For our sakes you are engaged, and yet every wound you give, makes us either widows, or orphans. If you love us, you who gave us life, slay not our husbands; and you, who have sworn to us eternal tenderness, spare those to whom your wives are indebted for their existence. Remember, that we carry in our wombs, the pledges of your reconciliation. Romans, your wives are Sabines; Sabines, your grand-sons will be Romans. Cease then to destroy each other, you are no longer two people, but constitute one family. If ye are consumed by a thirst of blood, begin by breaking, by annihilating all the ties, which may reunite you to each other. Sacrifice
your

your daughters and your wives, and over their expiring bodies contend for victory.

This affecting scene softened every heart. The combatants stopped, contemplated each other, and were surprized that their eyes no longer met with objects of hatred. The sword remained lifted over the head which it was threatening; the javelin was suspended; the arrow fell harmless from the slackened bow. The women seizing the weapons, carried them off without resistance, both from their fathers, and their husbands. They grasped their hands, which they covered with kisses, and with tears; and having washed away with these affectionate drops the blood which stained them, they joined them together; and as each female embraced at the same time both

a Re-

a Roman and a Sabine, the two enemies were linked together by such alluring ties, that they embraced each other.

From this moment, war and vengeance were forgotten. The kings at a conference, agreed, that the two people thus united, should form but one ; and that seated on the same throne, Tatius and Romulus should participate the sovereign power. Peace was ratified by oaths ; victims were sacrificed to Jupiter, to the Sun, and to the Earth ; and the two armies confounded together, and conducted by the Sabine women, made their entrance into Rome, amidst the loudest acclamations ; and appeared more brave, more glorious, in having been vanquished by tenderness, than if they had triumphed by animosity.

In

In the mean time, as thy stature increased, thou wast believed to be my son. I confirmed an error, so agreeable to my own sentiments, and to the wishes of thy mother. At four years of age, thou wert my associate to the temple, clad in the initiatory robe, and carrying in thy feeble hand, the golden vase, the receptacle of incense. Thy graceful softness of manners, enchanted the priests my colleagues, who all envied me the happiness of having given thee birth. How much, indeed, have I desired that blessing! For fifteen years past, the sole principle of my attachment to life has been thy welfare; and all my ardent endeavours in the cause of virtue, have been animated by the hopes, that the gods, my dear son, would reward thee for my labours.

I col-

I collected early the fruit of those instructions which I gave thee. From thy tenderest infancy, thy good qualities were visible. It was superfluous for me to inculcate a virtuous sentiment. Nature, at thy birth, had interwoven every thing amiable in thy heart. Previous to all instruction, the principles of morality were engraved on thy mind; and reason soon taught thee every thing which I had learned from experience. Whenever, as a trial, I proposed to thee a question, which I thought difficult, thy answer was always more clear and determinate, than that which I had prepared myself. Often, after my lessons of morality, thy short reflections threw new light upon the subject, and, at the conclusion of our discourse, I found it was thy master who had

had been instructed. With all the science of our philosophers thou wast acquainted, and thou wert wont to say; O my father, how little is all this wisdom! and with what uncertainty is this little intermingled! Virtue alone is fixed, and immutable; and its volume is written on our hearts; if we consult it in every action of our lives, if we follow always its dictates, we can never wander from our duty.

I embraced thee with transport, without daring to praise thee. I was afraid, lest thou shouldst imbibe that vice, which throws a shade over the best of qualities; which at first tarnishes, and in the end destroys them. The vice I mean is vanity. O my son, guard against this frailty throughout the whole course of thy life. Remember, that no other principle is so injurious to virtue, since it distorts those

those amiable features which she naturally possesses.

I saw thee with pleasure avoid this destructive precipice. Every day marked some new improvement, yet every day proved thee more modest and unassuming. Deceived by the public opinion, and still more by my own heart, I believed myself thy father; and I intended to abdicate in thy favour the sovereign priesthood. All our priests and citizens anticipated this event with joy. Three days ago, my son, an oracle from heaven destroyed every hope of my design. Every night Ceres herself appears to me, and in a severe tone, commands me to send thee to Rome, and to declare thy birth. Prostrate before the goddess, in vain have I presumed to express my fears, and to urge the vow of thy mother, That

D

vow,

vow, replied the daughter of Jupiter, I have not accepted. Numa shall not be my priest, his destinies invite him to a higher station. On a throne he shall serve me in a more worthy manner, than under the shade of my altar. Let him hasten to Rome, nor let thy tenderness any further oppose the decrees of heaven.

This, my son, was the cause of those tears, which at the sacrifice thou sawest me shed. We must submit, Numa, we must part: Ceres commands; and we must obey.

The affectionate Numa regarded Tullus in silence, raised his eyes, swimming with tears, to heaven, and seemed to hesitate between his father and the gods; but the sage encouraged him, and he consented to depart. Grasping the hand of Tullus with the greatest tenderness: O my
father,

father, said he, you promised that I should visit the tomb of Pompilius, and kiss with reverence the urn, which contains the ashes of my mother. Follow me, replied Tullus; I will this instant conduct thee thither.

They immediately bent their course to the temple. Behind the altar of the goddess was a brazen gate, which Tullus alone was allowed to enter; this he opened, and descended several steps; Numa, sighing, followed him. They arrived at a cavern lighted only by a single lamp. On a tomb of black marble, of simple workmanship, and without an inscription, appeared a silver urn, covered with a funeral veil. Near the urn was a letter, a sword, and a lock of hair. On entering the cavern, Numa fell respectfully on his knees. Tullus lifted up

gently the urn, and, presenting it to the youth, said, in a low voice, My son, kiss these sacred reliques; touch this urn, which contains the ashes of the most affectionate of fathers, and of the best of mothers. In this moment they have their eyes upon thee, they view thee from the Elysian fields; and the piety of their child they prefer to all the immortal pleasures with which they are surrounded.

Numa bathed the urn profusely with his tears. He pressed it to his heart, and thought that the beloved ashes of his parents shewed some spirit of animation. With what reluctance did he return them to the pontiff! How did his hands pursue the urn, when it was removed from him!

Tullus covered it with the veil; and taking the sword, the letter and the hair: Behold, said he to Numa,
the

the sword, which defended thy mother and thy country, which was never unsheathed by anger, nor was destructive to any except the enemies of the state. To you, my son, I return it, for the same noble purpose; and may the powerful goddess, to whom it has by me been consecrated, render it in your hands irresistible to every foe. This letter was dictated by your mother, the moment before her death; to king Tatius it is addressed, and will be necessary to announce you at his court, in the rank to which by your birth you are entitled. This beauteous hair, it is superfluous to say, was your mother's. On the very day she obtained her long wished-for son, she came to offer it to Ceres. Numa, let it be never separate from thy person. Hearts of

sensibility require such pledges of love and affection.

This exhortation being ended, they departed from the cavern. Numa returned to the house of his venerable friend, and prepared to take his leave. He threw off his linen robe, assumed the toga, and acquired under that dress an increase of beauty. A deep sigh escaped from Tullus; that new habit appeared to him the herald of future danger. He abandoned however, that melancholy idea, and employed himself in providing against all the wants of his son. His tender anxiety prompted him to imagine necessities which could never arrive. To enrich Numa, he plundered himself; and dreading a refusal, he concealed in the clothes of his son, the little gold which he had saved. I shall have no wants, when separated from

from him, said he; and he will want every thing when left to himself.

The cruel instant of separation approached; the car in which Numa was to be conveyed, was ready. Tullus, desirous of accompanying him to the extremity of the sacred wood, ascended it with him; and employed that tender interval in giving him his last advice:

Pardon, said he, my dear son, my tender apprehensions, at seeing thee exchange an asylum, where thy innocence would never have been exposed to danger, for a crowded city, which, even to the most experienced, is pregnant with destruction. Thou art going forth without a guide, without an adviser, without a friend; for at thy age, a real friend is unknown; he is believed to exist, and the danger is on that account highly augmented.

mented. My fears behold thee situated amongst two people, who, though united by policy, are divided by disposition ; and consider each other as two separate and distinct nations. Between the Romans and the Sabines, animosity is not extinct. The monarchs are still less united than the people. Tatius, the best of sovereigns, thy parent and protector, who was our idol, while he reigned amongst us, is of a mild and compassionate disposition, and possesses rather useful than dazzling virtues. His life is employed in the distribution of justice, and in the exercise of goodness. Romulus, on the contrary, who, to obtain subjects in the infancy of his empire, opened an asylum for robbers, has to the present day retained the ferocity of his earliest people ; ambitiously desirous of war and conquest,

quest, he suffers no nation within his reach to remain free from subjection to the Roman yoke: none but soldiers have any claim to his esteem, no other object than victory is worthy of his attention.

It is a real evil, that mankind are more delighted with a conqueror, than with a peaceful monarch, and pay a much higher tribute of praise to false glory, than to genuine virtue. Thou wilt be cautious therefore Numa, not to form an improper judgment of these kings; thou wilt consider Tatius as highly superior to his colleague; and thou wilt not desert the most equitable of men, the parent and friend of thy father, and the revenger of Pompilia, to follow an inhuman barbarian, who is still polluted with his brother's blood, and whose

whose treachery produced thy country's ruin, and thy parent's death.

Yet, even the court of Tatius is replete with danger. The warlike citizens of Rome, pardon every failing of youth, except want of courage; and personal intrepidity, unless it be connected with other virtues, has no advantage whatever over savage ferocity. Thou wilt doubtless be brave; the son of Pompilius cannot in this respect be defective. But will thy morals, which in their present state have merited the protection of an immortal being, remain free from contamination? Believe me, I mean not to prohibit pleasure, nor with the austerity of age, to paint it in false and hideous colours; no, my son, pleasure doubtless has its charms, and has borrowed its attractions from nature; and the more we find it necessary

fary

sary to resist them, the more we are conscious of the weakness of our exertions. That heart which possesses most sensibility, is commonly most feeble. Yet remorse will tread close on the footsteps of indulgence; that peace of mind and self-esteem, which constitute the happiness of life, will then be lost; the souls energy, and its love of virtue will be no more; while the knowledge of this amiable quality will augment the misery of deserting it.

Since with the manners of the court I am totally unacquainted, I can give thee no instructions for thy conduct in thy new situation: yet I know the duties worthy of a man, which in every station he ought strictly to observe. Rank has doubtless a claim to respect; virtue has also a title to universal esteem and veneration. Avoid,

void, without seeming to fear them, the society of the vicious ; be reserved even with men of virtue. Profane not the name of friendship by being prodigal in thy attachments. Previously consider well the propriety of thy expressions ; and let mature reflection precede every action of thy life. Be ever suspicious of the first impulse of thy temper, except it be that which prompts thee to relieve the wretched. Age, and the tender sex have a perpetual claim to thy respect ; thou must sooth the afflicted, and support the unfortunate.

In compliance with my ardent prayers, should Ceres bless thee with prosperity, fail not to make me happy with the information ; this pleasing intelligence will prolong my days ; but should Heaven try thee with calamity,

lamity, come and communicate to me thy misfortunes.

They had now reached the extremity of the sacred wood, the destined place of their separation. The tear of sensibility started in the eye of Numa. Take courage, my son, said Tullus, we shall soon meet again, in a very short time we shall be again happy in each other's society; I am but a little distance from Rome, and thou wilt frequently, no doubt, revisit the temple, and—alas, my father, cried Numa, bursting into tears, doubtless I shall see you again; but I am no longer to live with you, and to see you every moment of my life. The sun must rise, without introducing me to your embraces, and the day must close, without my having been enlightened, during its course, by your paternal instructions. How
exquisite

exquisite has been the happiness which I have received from your society! But I have not been sufficiently grateful to the gods for so great a blessing! It is now —

Depart, my son, interrupted Tullus, with an accent which he wished to seem severe; we must obey the goddesses, and not murmur at our fate. Am I not bowed down with age and infirmities, and yet, in the present trial, have more fortitude than thyself! Canst thou believe that my sufferings are inferior to thine? That my disconsolate heart —

Here his voice and his strength failed him, and he sunk down into the arms of Numa. Soon however recovering his powers, adieu, my son, said he, I shall soon see thee in my retreat, or if not, I shall speedily visit thee at Rome. Adieu, and do not forget

forget thy father. When he had said this, he withdrew from his embraces, and rushed hastily into the forest.

Numa remained for some time fixed in a posture of anguish and despair. Long after he was concealed from his sight, his eyes pursued the path in which his venerable parent had departed. After bidding him thrice farewell in a manner the most affectionate and empassioned, he pursued his journey to Rome.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

B O O K II.

Numa in his journey to Rome, falls asleep in a wood, and has a mysterious dream. He continues his journey. Description of the neighbourhood of Rome, and of that war-like city. Tatius's reception of Numa. The character of that amiable monarch, and of his daughter Tatia, of Romulus, and of his daughter Hersilia. Numa meets Hersilia, and is enraptured with her. The first effects of his passion. The return and triumph of Romulus.

THE regret with which Numa had quitted the place of his nativity, filled his mind with many painful ideas. I have abandoned, said he, my father at a time when he had such need of my tenderness and affection; I have renounced a system of life

life in which my heart delighted ; I have left the friends and companions of my childhood, for a new habitation, where I can have no claim upon regard. Alas ! I am convinced that life will be a burden ; I shall languish, like a young olive transplanted to a soil unsuited to it ; the sun and the dew shed their influence on it in vain ; its branches are stripped of their blighted leaves ; and its root is incapable of receiving nourishment ; it begins to die the moment it is separated from its native station.

In this state of dejection, when he had travelled about two miles, he approached a wood, whose fragrance invited him to repose under its umbrage. Tempted by the gentle murmurs of a winding stream, he quitted his chariot, and leaving it to the care of two slaves, who attended him, he pursued

E the

the course of the rivulet till he arrived at its source, and discovered a fountain consecrated to Pan. He fell prostrate before the statue of that divinity, and solicited permission to quench his thirst; which, after he had gratified, he reclined his head upon the verdant bank, and sleep took possession of his senses.

In a dream, his imagination presented a car drawn by dragons, which descended to him from the clouds. Ceres was seated in it, crowned with ears of corn, and carrying in her hands a sheaf and a sickle. Hovering over his head, and regarding him with the tenderest kindness, she seemed to address him in the following words: —

Son of Pompilia, I had the sincerest affection for thy mother, and am determined to be thy protector. What-
ever

ever with thy heart is anxious to frame,
 I am resolved to accomplish: tell me
 thy most ardent desires, and thou
 shalt this moment obtain them. Oh,
 exclaimed Numa, without hesitation,
 let Tullus begin the course of his
 days again, enjoy the vigour of youth,
 and never—Thy request, interrupted
 the goddess, it is not in my power
 to comply with. Jove himself can-
 not prolong for a single instant, the
 life of man. To him the merciless
 fates acknowledge no obedience; the
 dearest children of the gods themselves
 have become victims of their ven-
 geance, when destiny, more powerful
 than Jupiter, has commanded their
 dissolution. Confine thy wishes to
 thyself, and be assured that in pro-
 moting thy own happiness, thou pro-
 videest for that of Tullus.

Make me then, bounteous goddess, worthy of his inestimable friendship. Grant that his instructions may have the most salutary effects on my future conduct. Bestow on me wisdom, since in that, Tullus has assured me, is comprehended all human happiness.

I have anticipated thy request, replied the goddess, and have besought my sister Minerva to enrich thee bounteously with her gifts. Thou must not however aspire to that height of favour, which the son of Ulysses obtained. No, dearest Numa, the perfections of Telemachus, are beyond the reach of man. Minerva has ever since despaired of equalling her own unrivalled production. Happy, however, is he who shall follow, at a distance, in his steps. Enviably is the youth-

youthful hero, whom the goddess shall qualify to occupy the second place, though at a considerable distance from the object of his imitation.

At this moment, Numa believed himself transported into the temple of Minerva. He was desirous of approaching the goddess, but a cloud of gold separated him from the sanctuary, and intercepted his view of the divinity. In vain did he try to pierce through the impediment which opposed him. In vain he called upon Ceres for assistance. She rejected his petition, and gave him a signal to listen with attention. The voice of Minerva was then heard from behind the cloud; and Numa fell prostrate on the earth. He believed himself listening to wisdom the most refined, and to instructions the most essential to the interest of man. He

was influenced at the same time, by the profoundest respect and the most entire persuasion. But, on raising his head, to express his gratitude to the goddess, the temple, and the cloud disappeared. He found himself in the bosom of a wood, where the only object which excited his curiosity was a verdant arbour, in which an elegant nymph, clothed in white, and seated on the grass, was reading with attention. In her countenance, dwelt tranquillity and candour; modesty, mildness and dignity were her attendants; she resembled Astræa, meditating the happiness of mankind. Irresistably attracted towards this beautiful object, he supplicated Ceres, in a low voice, to inform him who she was. The goddess pronounced the name of Egeria;

Egeria ; and the captivating phantom vanished from his view.

Surprize and agitation roused Numa from his slumbers. He could not for some time behold distinctly the objects with which he was surrounded. Not doubting however, that his dream had been inspired by Jupiter, he offered him his most ardent vows; and, after having resolved to offer sacrifice to Minerva and to Ceres, he departed from the wood, and ascended his chariot.

He proceeded on his journey, passed through the region of the Fidenates, and arrived soon within the territories of Rome. They were easily distinguished from those with which he had been familiar. The country was desolate; the uncultivated fields were over-run with weeds. The feeble and scattered flocks with difficulty could

procure a scanty and precarious subsistence. No reapers, to collect the bounty of Ceres, were seen. No gleaners followed the family of the husbandman with songs of joy. No shepherd celebrated on his flute the beauty of his mistress, or the charms of a sequestered life. The whole scene was expressive of melancholy and silence. The deserted villages contained only women and old men. One was seen lamenting her brother, another her husband, who had been slain in battle. Here the aged parent, bereaved of his last remaining child by the stern orders of a tyrant, was left destitute of consolation. In all the extravagance of grief, he heaped curses on his king. The wretched mother, with the only son she had left, was departing into voluntary exile; preferring indigence and the safety of her child,

to

to any advantages she might derive from her native country. Poverty and desolation spread their baleful influence around; and from the time that Romulus imbibed a thirst of glory, his subjects had been unacquainted with repose and happiness.

Ye immortal gods, exclaimed Numa, is this the warlike people, who are so much the objects of envy, and whose victories are so loudly celebrated by the voice of fame! They are, in reality, much more the victims of want and wretchedness than those whom they have conquered. Such then is the value of human glory! Or rather, such is the effect of divine justice. By the decrees of heaven, conquerors suffer the evils which they occasion; and promote, by their own misery, the destruction of mankind.

With

With this scene of horror, Numa compared the peace and plenty of the chearful Sabines. The sentiments of Tullus on the subject of war, recurred to his recollection; and, he was offering up prayers to the gods to bless his country with a succession of pacific monarchs, when he was surprized and astonished at the sudden appearance of Rome. The Palatine mount, once an asylum for flocks and shepherds, now surrounded with walls, and armed with battlements; the immense moats which guarded it against an enemy; the inaccessible ramparts; and the illustrious capitol, together with the temple of Jupiter,—struck at once upon the mind of Numa. As he advanced nearer, he observed the gates crowded with youthful warriors, clad in shining armour; who inspired terror, even where they did not threaten,

en, and seemed already to announce that they should subdue the world. On his entrance into the city, Numa beheld on all sides the image of war, and heard every where the din of arms. Here centinels were relieved; there young recruits were exercised: at a farther distance were seen troops of horse, taught to be familiar with the shrill clangor of the trumpet. Furnaces smoked with dissolved metal; and anvils resounded with the manufacture of breast-plates and bucklers. All the flames of *Ætna* seemed to be lighted up in Rome, and the cyclops appeared to be forging chains to enslave the universe.

Numa, to whom such a scene was entirely new, felt a mingled emotion of surprize and terror. He was impatient to see Tatius; he enquired for his palace, and was shewn it. It
was

was situated in a part of the city most remote from disturbance. This worthy king had removed the noise of the soldiery as far from him as possible; he wished to be loved rather than feared; and preferred attending to the petitions of the poor to the flattery of courtiers.

Numa, had no sooner gained admittance, than he reminded Tatius of Tullus, and presented the letter of the unfortunate Pompilia. Scarcely had Tatius cast his eyes on the contents, when in a paroxysm of joy, he threw himself into the arms of Numa. Oh! happy day, exclaimed he; how rejoiced am I to behold the son of my dearest friend! Yes, I trace in thy countenance, the features of the brave Pompilius. I hope, nay, I am convinced, thou wilt regard me with thy father's affection. I feel thou art a
cordial

cordial to my age; I have hitherto accused the gods, that they gave me only a daughter, but they have now made me ample recompence, in giving me, in thee, a son.

Here he embraced Numa again with the most ardent tenderness. He gave orders, that his daughter Tatia should come into his presence; who was less distinguished for her beauty, than for her mildness, her modesty, and her affectionate regard for her father. When she entered, Tatius presenting to her Numa, said, In this youth, behold thy brother; behold in him the support of my declining age; behold the son of Pompilius, whom I have so often mentioned to thee with affection. Ye seasons of delight, with what rapidity did you pass away! Numa, thou recallest to my recollection, that tranquil period
of

of my life, when respected by a people whom I adored, enjoying the sweets of connubial affection, the friendship of Pompilius, and the venerable pontiff, I experienced the full extent of all human satisfaction. I considered my subjects as constituting only a single family, since no one was exempt from my personal attention and regard. I knew, and visited them all; and, when in the society of Pompilius I had performed the little circuit of my kingdom, I used to express my gratitude to Jupiter for not having bestowed upon me more subjects than I could render happy. How different is my present situation! Exiled far from my native clime, chained to a foreign throne, I am perpetually discontented—Yet, I behold *thee*, and ought to cease complaining. Thou shalt continue with
me,

me, Numa, and restore all that I have lost. The same tender connection which will perhaps secure thee my crown, will ensure to me felicity. Hereafter thou shalt be acquainted with my intentions; at present I will enjoy without interruption, the pleasure of thy society.

Thus did the amiable monarch indulge his feeling and candid disposition, by expressing in the amplest manner the native effusions of his heart. His daughter, who could not avoid comprehending his concluding words, cast her eyes on the ground, and then raised them up to Numa. The beauty of his person, the mild benevolence of his features, and the easy gracefulness of his deportment, captivated her regard. When she was conscious that the presence of a young man was, for the first time, exciting her curiosity, she,

she, with a modest blush, transferred her attention to her father.

Enraptured with the worthy monarch, Numa promised an implicit obedience to his commands. Name not obedience, said Tatius; though I have long been a king, I have not yet learned the pleasure of commanding. I was early convinced, that if I wished to be feared, I must renounce the hopes of being beloved; and I preferred the liberal candour of friendship to the servility of slaves. Romulus has assisted my projects, in sharing with me the sovereign power. The command of the army, the disposition of tributes, and the punishment of crimes, are under his entire jurisdiction. While to me is assigned the more pleasing and god-like employment, of distributing justice, of diminishing oppression, and of re-warding

warding virtue. I am perpetually apprehensive, lest my colleague should become sensible of the inequality of our situations. But, thanks to heaven, he has hitherto been blind to his own interest, and appears as contented as myself.

When he shall return from his present expedition against the Antemnates, I will introduce thee to his notice. He will doubtless be crowned with victory; since no warrior ever united in the same degree, the courage of a soldier, and the skill of a general. The majestic form of his person, the warlike expression of his features, his uncommon strength, and unrivalled valour, excite universal admiration. But his activity exceeds description. During a march, a siege, or a battle, he is every where at once. He arranges, commands, attacks, and

F

defends,

defends, at the same time. His head and his hand are never for a moment inactive; the one being always ready to execute what the other has determined.

In his expeditions he is ever attended by his daughter Herfilia, who possesses uncommon beauty. Of her all the princes of Latium are enamoured, and have laid their diadems at her feet; but the fierce princess has rejected their offers with disdain. Accustomed from her earliest infancy to arms, she has devoted herself in a manner worthy the daughter of Romulus, to the service of Minerva. With her helmet and lance, she follows her father to the battle; and by her fair hand is the foaming war-horse rendered reluctantly obedient. Disarmed, she is still more invincible; those hands which grasp the javelin,
can

can skilfully touch the lyre. She accompanies its melody with an enchanting voice, and celebrates the exploits of her father, after she has shared his danger.

Such are the characters of Romulus and of his daughter. I have not thrown a shade over their brilliant qualities. But why do I not add a long eulogy on their virtues? These however, conquerors despise, and nothing, but warlike talents, has the least claim to Romulus's esteem. His daughter, from her military education, has acquired an unpolished severity. She possesses the beauty of Juno, but it is connected with the pride of that haughty goddess. In acquiring the courage and strength of our sex, she seems to have lost that mildness and humanity which are the most attractive qualities of her own.

On an acquaintance with Romulus and Herfilia, thou shalt be master of thy choice, whether thou wilt follow them into the field, or live with me in my palace. I am anxious to be thy friend, thy father,—if thou wilt allow me so tender an appellation; but thou shalt always remain master of thy own conduct; and if thou lovest me, and art happy, I shall be contented.

Numa repeated in the strongest terms his tender attachment to Tatius. He declared, that his choice was made, and his plan irrevocably fixed: that he could never desert the friend of his father, the king of his country, and the amiable model which Tullus had recommended for his most attentive imitation. He assured him, that his resolution could not alter, and that he should behold with indifference,

ence, both the charms of Herfilia, and the triumphs of her father. He called the gods to witness the truth of his assertions ; and the modest Tatia heard his oaths with pleasure.

When he had passed several days in the friendly society of Tatius, Numa, still mindful of his dream, was informed that the temple of Minerva was situated in the center of a sacred wood, which bore the name of Eggeria. This conformity with the circumstances of his vision, filled him with surprize ; he visited immediately this mysterious retreat, which was situated only at a small distance from Rome. His heart throbbed with anxiety as he passed through the gloomy avenues of its vaulted umbrage. A hallowed silence reigned throughout ; the tufted elms, and antient poplars, were scarcely agi-

tated by the zephyr ; the stillness was only interrupted by the soft and distant murmur of their boughs pressing gently against each other.

Numa approached the temple where he proposed to offer up his vows. His disturbed imagination reminded him of the visionary nymph, whom he had seen. Though destitute of hope, his eyes wandered in pursuit of this pleasing object ; when his attention was suddenly awakened by the view of a beautiful arbour, exactly resembling that which his dream had painted, in which a female warrior was reclining on the grass, absorbed in the profoundest sleep. Her head which was uncovered, rested on her shield ; her helmet lay beside her ; her black ringlets flowed carelessly upon her breast-plate, and rendered her beauty more dazzling, noble, and

and majestic. Her hand reposed on two glittering javelins ; a splendid sword adorned her side ; and her robe, elevated to the knee, discovered her purple buskins, studded with burnished gold. Like the sister of Apollo, who, having emptied her quiver in the forest of Erymanthus, seeks repose on the top of Mænalus ; the nymphs and dryads watch around her ; the zephyr presumes not to stir the leaves ; and the goddess preserves, even during sleep, that severe and warlike aspect, which far from diminishing her beauty, seems to increase its lustre.

With charms still more enchanting shone this female warrior. Numa mistook her for Pallas : on his knees he endeavoured to express his devotion, but his tongue denied its utterance ; with his arms extended, and

his eyes fixed on the object of his adoration, he remained motionless as a statue.

At that instant the supposed goddess awoke. On perceiving Numa, she seized her arms, and addressed him in these threatening words: Whoever thou art, rash youth, who hast disturbed my repose, express thy gratitude to fate, for sending thee unarmed into my presence. Wert thou able to defend thyself, this arm should punish thy audacity.

O goddess, replied Numa, soften the severity of your displeasure: I approached your temple, to offer my most sincere and humble vows; your divine presence has deprived my limbs of motion; and if it be a crime to behold a divinity, you are conscious, that my dazzled sight has been unable
to

to support the celestial brightness of your appearance.

At these words her rage subsided, and smiling upon Numa, Be assured, said she, I am no divinity. The great Romulus is my father; and I am going to Rome to announce the victory, which he has just obtained. Pursue your journey towards the temple, and beg forgiveness of Minerva, for having mistaken a mortal for a goddess.

She smote her shield, and at the signal her attendants instantly appeared. They brought her a majestic war-horse, whom she mounted immediately, and set forward with incredible swiftness for Rome.

Numa remained for some time fixed in mute astonishment. His eyes were fixed on the path in which Hersilia had departed. His mind was
con-

arbour, and that celestial beauty, who has deprived me of my reason, annihilate all doubt upon the subject. Oh Herfilia! Herfilia! How does the repetition of thy name delight me. Amidst the painful agitation which has seized me, I feel a moment's repose only when I pronounce Herfilia. But how can I aspire to a possession, for which the gods themselves must be my rivals! Yet, at a humble distance, I may follow her steps, I may sigh in silence, and pay her my vows, as a divinity. My lot, even then, will be above humanity. Yes, adorable Herfilia! I will be a soldier in thy father's army; I will lead thy horses, and carry thy javelins; I will serve thee as a shield in battle; and should my heart be pierced with the arrow which was meant for thee, with my last breath I will declare that I
die

die too happy, since I expire for thy safety.

Thus was the young and affectionate heart of Numa abandoned wholly to love. Like those inflammable substances which a single spark kindles and consumes, the commencement and the height of his passion had no interval between them. All devotion to Minerva was forgotten; he hastened back to Rome with rapid steps, pursuing the path which Herfilia had taken. In the greatest agitation, he entered the city; he sought in vain for the beautiful object he had seen; and he dreaded to pronounce her name to any one, though he felt such exquisite pleasure in repeating it.

At length he arrived at Tatius's palace; and the first object he beheld was Herfilia. She had visited
the

the peaceful monarch, to relate to him the victory of her father. Numa stopped, trembled, and was confused with surprize and rapture. Herfilia, who recollected him, enquired of Tatius, whether he belonged to his retinue. That youth, he replied, is my son! At least, he supplies to me the place of that dear connection. His father was a Sabine of the highest rank, and of the most unsullied virtue. He is my relation; he is the son of my friend. He then ran to Numa, and was much affected at seeing him extremely discomposed. Numa attempted to console his venerable friend, but his speech failed him. Herfilia cast her eyes upon him, and the paleness which had till then overspread his countenance, was converted immediately into crimson; the tender glances which he

he attempted to convey, fell short of arriving at those bright eyes for which they were intended.

The worthy monarch, whom age had taught to forget the first symptoms of love, smiled at his timidity; he apologized to Hersilia, by mentioning the age of Numa, and the retired education he had received. And he took that opportunity of placing in the most favourable light both the virtues of Tullus, and those of his amiable pupil.

The princess listened with pleasure to his discourse; she perfectly understood the cause of Numa's emotion, whose beauty was much heightened by the blush of modesty. She was delighted for the first time, at having inspired the passion of love. She, however, took leave of Tatius; and in the moment of departure, her eyes met

met those of the enamoured Numa. How were their souls penetrated by that mutual glance! With what resistless eloquence did it address their feelings! From hence Numa derived hope, and Herfilia imbibed affection.

From this moment she entirely occupied his thoughts. She was his pursuit by day, and his dream by night. He no longer remembered the friendship of Tatius, or the instructions of Tullus. Virtue, glory, and every thing with which his mind was previously transported, lost their charms. Throughout the wide range of nature, he saw only Herfilia. All the faculties of his heart, mind, and memory, seemed insufficient for this single object. Over his feelings love held a despotic and undivided empire.

Unhappy youth! Hope was indeed extinguished! A single day, nay a single

single moment, destroyed the fruits of years of instruction. Thus the favourite of Ceres, the son of Pompilia, the pupil of the venerable Tullus, the youth who was destined in so extraordinary a manner to be an example of wisdom, became the sport of an unbridled passion, the slave of irregular desires. He rejected all the gifts which heaven had lavished so profusely upon him, to pursue a phantom of happiness, which must constitute the torment of his life. His courage failed him; his mind was alienated; his body was enfeebled; he was destitute both of virtue and of reason; he was on the brink of destruction, like one under the influence of insanity, without being sensible of the malady which destroyed him.

Romulus, in the mean time, having subdued the Antemnates, brought
back

back his army to Rome. He had slain with his own hand, king Acron, his enemy ; and his people were preparing for him a triumph, which should serve as a model for those, which would hereafter be granted to the conquerors of the world.

King Tatius, at the head of the whole body of citizens, clothed in white robes, preceded his colleague. The flames were already kindled on the altar of Jupiter Feretrius. The pontiffs and augurs attended the conqueror, with branches of the palm-tree in their hands. The road which led to the capitol, was strewed with flowers. The doors of the houses were adorned with garlands ; and the Roman women, clad in their festival garments, carried their children in their arms, called forth their joy by

G the

the tenderest caresses, constantly repeated to them that they were going again to see their fathers enjoy the triumphs of victory.

At a distance the brilliant eagles soon made their appearance ; the trumpet's clangor was already heard, and was seconded by the most tumultuous acclamations. The army advanced ; and standing in a magnificent car, the great Romulus was discovered. He was drawn by four beautiful white horses abreast, who seemed, by their loud neighings, and the fierceness of their aspects, to be conscious of their master's glorious achievements. Romulus, clad in a triumphal robe, with his brow encircled with a laurel wreath, carried in his hand the trunk of an oak, on which the arms of king Acron were suspended ; their weight, though enormous,

enormous, was no fatigue to the conqueror. He was preceded by the family of the vanquished monarch, clothed in garments of sorrow, and bathing their chains with their tears. A croud of slaves, bending under the weight of the spoils taken from the enemy, furrounded the victor's chariot; his brave legions followed him, with exclamations of joy; and the neighbouring country, with repeated echoes announced the glories of Romulus.

He advanced; he ascended the stairs of the capitol, through an avenue of people enraptured with his success. He arrived at the temple of Jupiter, and, without quitting the spoils of the vanquished king, leaped from his chariot; the arms of A-cron clashed together, and resounded afar. He approached the altar,

and deposited his trophy before the statue of the divinity. O Jupiter, said he, deign to accept these first fruits of conquest, which the Roman people presume to offer at thy shrine! Grant that this illustrious day may be held for ever as a sacred festival; that it may be often renewed; and that, after my example, my descendants may suspend under these hallowed vaults, the spoils of the universe!

When he had finished this address, he seized a furious bull, whom twenty persons had with difficulty held; and with one hand, dragging him to the altar, threw him on his knees, tore a handful of hair from his broad forehead, and, after sacrificing him, commanded the priests to conclude the ceremony.

When

When the victim was consumed, Romulus departed from the temple, and addressed his soldiers in the following terms: Of how little value, Romans, is a victory, while enemies still remain? The Antemnates are indeed defeated; but the Volsci, the Hernici, and the valiant Marfi, who alone are worthy of being your foes, have not yet submitted to the yoke of subjection. Be prepared then to march against them. To-day we enjoy a triumph; to-morrow we will try to deserve an equal honour. To-morrow I will lead you against the Marfi, to succour the people of Campania, my allies. I allow you this day to embrace your wives, and your children; but as soon as the bright Aurora appears in her crimson chariot, I shall expect you armed in the field of Mars: your king shall ap-

pear first upon the plain; and we will afterwards go forth and inform Italy, that conquerors have no need of repose.

The army answered him with shouts of joy. The legions carried their eagles into the palace of Romulus. A chosen guard watched over this sacred deposit, while the soldiers, revisiting their families, received the embraces of their mothers and their wives, while tenderness and love enjoyed felicity, by stealing a day from the pursuits of glory.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

B O O K III.

Numa, enraptured with Hersilia, determines to follow her to the battle. Tatius supplies him with arms, and presents him to the army. The joy of the old Sabine soldiers on seeing the son of Pompilius. Tatius wishes to follow him to the war; but the people conducted by Tatia, persuade him to change his resolution. The departure and progress of the army. Romulus joins his ally the king of Campania. Description of that monarch's camp. Romulus is separated from him. The arrival and discourse of the ambassadors of the Marfi.

THE triumph of Romulus, completed Numa's delirium. His mind, already a prey to the devouring fire of love, was still more enflamed by the new spectacle which he had

seen. Glory, with its long train of allurements, presented itself to him, as the surest means by which he could deserve Hersilia. He had no sooner conceived this hope, than he felt an ardent desire to become a hero. Thus at once, two passions, one of which is sufficient to elevate a great mind, united and occupied his heart.

Tatius returned to his palace, and Numa sighing, followed him. He wished to reveal to him his feelings; but he dreaded his reproaches. He cast his eyes upon the worthy monarch, and was silent. Like a fearful infant, who following its mother with unequal steps, pulls her gently by her garment, and, while tears trickle down its cheeks, begs in silent eloquence, that she will support it in her arms. Thus with the most anxious

ous apprehension, did Numa follow Tatius.

The good king stopped, and addressed him in the following terms of candour and friendship: Tell me, my son, in what manner I can serve thy wishes. Be assured, that to the utmost extent of my power, thy inclination shall be complied with.

Oh my father, replied Numa, I call heaven to witness, that I spoke the language of my heart, when I proposed to consecrate my future life to an attendance upon you, and to the imitation of your virtues: but I have since beheld the triumph of Romulus, and I have felt a new desire spring up in my breast, with which I was previously unacquainted. I am inflamed with a love of glory, and consumed with a thirst for war. I am sensible that my blood claims
kindred

kindred with yours, and that I am the true son of Pompilius. Both you and my father, at my age, had acquired renown in arms; you had encircled your brows with that victorious laurel to which I so ardently aspire. Can I then, who am so nearly allied to such heroes, be contented with having sacrificed victims, instead of the enemies of my country. I beseech you to permit me to follow your example. Let me follow Romulus to the field, and, like you and my father, acquire fame and honour.

While he spoke these words, he was prostrate at the feet of Tatius, endeavouring to conceal his blushes.

Be assured, replied the worthy monarch, that I could forgive thee even a fault, how then can I condemn sentiments which command my esteem?

teem? My tender regard for thee would doubtless induce me to wish that thou hadst given the preference to my peaceful dwelling. But I am a Sabine as well as thyself, and can make ample allowance for the charms of glory. I am pleased, Numa, with thy intrepidity: my tears however will flow, on reflecting that, at so early an age, thou art determined to share the most dangerous enterprize in which Romulus was ever engaged; for I must not conceal from thee, that those enemies whom he hath already conquered are infinitely inferior to those whom he is preparing to subdue. The terrible Marfi, hitherto deemed invincible, are savages of a gigantic form, and of prodigious strength: they are armed with clubs similar to that of the great Alcides; and it is reported that they poison
their

their arrows with venomous herbs, which grow upon the banks of Avernus. Every wound is mortal; and what grief to me——.

What glory, interrupted Numa, what happiness will your son obtain, in learning the noble rudiments of war against such worthy foes! The gods no doubt regard me with the greatest affection, since they inspire me to follow Romulus, at a season of such signal danger. Oh my father, what you have now told me fixes my resolution; and every law of honour forbids that you should oppose my design.

As he finished these words, his eyes were lighted up with unusual fire; the tone of his voice became more animated and energetic; his appearance and actions assumed an air of nobleness and intrepidity; like
like

like Achilles, who, disguised in a female habit among the daughters of Lycomedes, snatched eagerly at the sword which Ulysses brandished before him, and discovered his sex and his courage by an involuntary emotion

Tatius shed tears of joy at beholding his agitation. He felt in his own breast an ardour, which he was unable to subdue. Yes, my son, exclaimed he, thou shalt go to battle against the Marfi, and thy father will be thy associate. I will conduct thee to the field ; I will give thee thy first lesson in the art of war. Think not that my powers are debilitated by age ; this hand can still dart a javelin ; this arm can even now support a buckler. At a period of life much more advanced than mine, Nestor taught his beloved Antiochus

to

to conquer. I am, it is true, much inferior to the Pylian sage; but in affection for my son I am, at least, his equal.

He spoke, and Numa threw himself into his arms. His emotion prompted him to confess his passion for Herfilia; but the dread of forfeiting some portion of the worthy king's esteem, by acknowledging that glory was not his sole incentive, induced him to defer the avowal of his weakness to a future season.

Pleased with his new project, Tatius hastened to demand from the priests of Jupiter his antient armour, which he had consecrated to that divinity. He saw and handled it with a satisfaction equal to that which he had experienced in his earliest youth. O Jupiter, said he, if thy altars have been stained with
the

the blood of my numerous victims, if my heart has never offended thee, even by a criminal suggestion, bestow on me for a few moments the vigour which I felt when the fierce Rhamnes, at the head of his Hernici, made an attack upon the Sabines. He despised my youth, he defied me to engage; and hurling at me a javelin of such an enormous size, as no one of the present time could throw, he thought to have transfixed me to the ground; but I avoided the tremendous blow; and rushing upon Rhamnes, I buried my reeking sword in his side thrice. O Jupiter, grant me yet a few days of glory, and I shall descend to the grave contented.

Such were the desires of Tatius. His daughter was no sooner informed
of

of his design, than she came to supplicate him to renounce it. Her prayers and tears were in vain; the unfortunate Tatia saw destroyed in a moment all the illusions of happiness which she had formed. She was too well convinced of Numa's passion; and, without acknowledging to herself her disquietude, in weeping for the departure of her father, she lamented other misfortunes.

Herfilia, and the preparation for his departure, possessed the mind of Numa. He was destitute of every kind of arms, except the sword of Pompilius. Tatius, who went himself into the armory of Romulus, chose a breast-plate of the best tempered metal incrustated with gold. He took also a magnificent helmet, crowned with a sphinx of superior workmanship, which
was

was overshadowed by two purple plumes. He chose a shield composed of seven bull's hides, and covered with four plates of gold, silver, copper, and brass, which was formerly made for king Procus by the skilful Egeon, who represented upon it the history of the pious Eneas.

Contented with these arms, Tatius ordered them to be sent to Numa; their clangor, which filled others with terror, added to the courage of the youthful hero. He viewed and touched them with rapture; he made them resound with admiration. He was soon clad in them, and his natural beauty received thence an additional lustre. His heart throbbed, his eyes sparkled with the fire of intrepidity: like a young courser, who hearing in his native meadows, for the first time, the sound of the trum-

H

pet,

pet, proudly elevates his head, expands his foaming nostrils, and raising his flowing mane, answers by loud neighings to the warlike summons.

Night, too slow in its advances for the impatient mind of Numa, at length spread its veil over the earth; but the power of sleep was too feeble to close his eyes. A numberless croud of projects possessed his imagination; he meditated in what manner he should address Herfilia; he was impatient to be near her; and anticipating opportunities for the display of his courage, he planned the feats which he would perform.

The day was still distant, when he appeared in armour at the palace of Tatius. The worthy monarch smiled at his ardor; he however arose, and covered his venerable head with
a pon-

a ponderous helmet; put on a coat of mail which had for so many years been laid aside; and, unwilling to bid his daughter a painful adieu, he departed in silence from his palace, leant upon the impatient Numa, and proceeded to the field of Mars.

Romulus, Herfilia, and the army were already there. Tatius presented to his colleague the youthful warrior, who wished to accompany him to the war. On seeing Numa the countenance of Herfilia was suffused with blushes; Numa was equally confused, and the address which he intended for Romulus, was entirely forgotten.

The Roman king applauded the zeal which he had shewn; and, when he was acquainted with his birth, he conducted him to the Sabine legions,

H 2

who

who constituted the left wing of his army. Sabines, said he, behold another hero, who under your ensigns is anxious to engage: he has a powerful claim to your affections; he is descended from your kings; he is the son of Pompilius.

At the name of Pompilius, acclamations of joy pierced the air; all the Sabines instantly quitted their ranks, and ran to Numa. Metius, Valerius, Volscens, Murrex, all the ancient warriors covered with wrinkles, and with scars, clasped in their arms the son of their former general. I owe every thing to your father, said one; he saved my life, said another; he was our benefactor, exclaimed all. Enter then our ranks, thou son of the bravest and most just of men; under our shields advance to the field; to thee we devote
our

our arms and our hearts. Monarch of Rome, continued they, addressing themselves to Romulus, we ask for him as our leader; under his command we shall prove invincible, as we were under that of his father. Let him then preside over us, let him be called Pompilius, and we will be answerable for victory.

Yes, my noble friends, replied the venerable Tattius, who at that instant approached them, he shall doubtless be your leader, and I will be a witness of his exploits. I am come hither, my old associates, to awaken your recollection of me, and to accompany both him and you to the battle. We will again revisit together the field of honour; your monarch is come to make with you his last campaign; and should his strength fail, you will support him in your arms.

To these words the valiant Sabines replied with unanimous shouts of joy. They surrounded their aged king; they kissed his armour and his hands: O' best of monarchs, said they, we will defend your life, we will cover you with our bodies. Alas! should we be deprived of you, who will bless our children with happiness? Condescend to instruct the son of Pompilius to imitate his accomplished father; ourselves are determined to teach mankind how deserving kings should be adored.

Tatius answered with his tears; he pressed his antient friends to his bosom, reminded them of their former exploits, and solicited for Numa the same affection which they had shewn to him. At this scene Romulus himself was moved; he immediately proclaimed Numa Pompilius

pilius commander of the Sabine legions. The trumpets were seconded by the loudest acclamations; and the brave Herfilia, who fought always with the Sabines, was secretly delighted with the situation which choice had given her.

The army was ready for its departure, Romulus was just going to give the signal for its march, and Tatius was recommending to the prudent Meffala the administration of justice during his absence, when a croud of women, children, and old men, uttering the most bitter lamentations, and lifting up their hands to heaven, came to prostrate themselves at the feet of Tatius.

Alas! exclaimed they, will you abandon us? Will both our kings, who ought to be our parents, leave us like deserted orphans? Since we

are accustomed to his absence, let Romulus leave Rome; but you, our amiable Tatius, who love us, who dwell amongst us, why do you now prepare for a separation? Who shall administer justice when you are gone? Who shall alleviate our griefs? Who shall console us amidst misfortune? When victory is purchased by the blood of our citizens, you know that fathers, children, and widows come to you for consolation. Into your bosom they pour their woes; you weep with them, and their sorrow becomes less oppressive. What will become of the unhappy, when, instead of having you for their support, they shall be apprehensive for your safety? Alas! for what purpose should you go to the field of battle? How can you make an addition to your former glory? What can be further want-

wanting, since we revere you as a god, and love you as a father? What greater acquisitions than these can be gained by conquest? In attempting to enslave others, you abandon your own children.

At this address from a venerable man, Tatius melted into tears. He cast his eyes upon Numa, and then upon his aged warriors. These fell on their knees, and joined their intreaties to those of the people. Tatius hesitated no longer; he threw down his helmet and his lance; and embracing the old man who had addressed him: My resolution is fixed, exclaimed he, to enjoy no other glory than that of being useful to you. Nothing but the grave shall be able to part us for the future.

At these words, with the loudest exclamations of joy, they all thanked
the

the gods, and blessed their king; and the affectionate Tatia, who had till that moment been concealed amidst the crowd, threw herself into the arms of her father. My tears, said she, were insufficient to persuade you, but I was convinced that you would yield to those of your people. I assembled them together; I warned them of the calamity with which they were threatened, and I am far from being jealous of the superiority which they have gained over myself.

Tatius pressed his daughter to his bosom, embraced Numa with tears, and, after bidding him adieu, enjoined the veteran Sabines to preserve and defend the treasure with which they were entrusted. Tatia, with a dejected countenance, endeavoured to collect all her fortitude, to wish Numa every possible glory and hap-

happiness in his approaching expedition.

At length the signal was given, and the amiable Tatius sighed deeply at the departure of the army. Numa bade him adieu in the most cordial manner, and the people transported with joy carried him in their arms to Rome, where his presence was a never-failing antidote to every misfortune.

The army proceeded on its march in three columns. The first, composed of the Roman legions, was under the sole conduct of Romulus. Yet he had no fixed station; mounted on a Thracian courser, he was perpetually passing with incredible rapidity from one place to another; and, during his absence, he committed the command of the legions to the aged Hostilius, whose son was
after-

afterwards king of Rome. By his side marched the brave Horatius, whose three sons, fifty years after, subdued, by their victory over the Curiatii, the city of Alba. Massicus, Abas, Servius, the young Misenus, who was a descendant from the celebrated trumpeter of Æneas, and the valiant Talassius were in the foremost rank. Each of them had already been signalized by more than one memorable exploit, each wore the spoils of some illustrious enemy. And they always formed the van during a march, and the right wing in battle.

The second column was composed of the Latin legions. In these were the Laurentines, the Fidenates, the people of Tellene, Aricia, and the antient Politore. All the nations whom Romulus had conquered, fought at
that

that time under his standard, and were proud of subjection, since it acquired them the name of Romans. Their valiant chiefs were Azilas, Ori-manthus, Feraltinus ; Ladon, the son of the nymph Perenna ; and the beautiful Niphens, born in fertile Cante ; and Cynirus, priest of Apollo, who carried on his helmet the sacred laurel and the fillets of that divinity. This body composed entirely of infantry, occupied always the centre of the army, both during the march and the engagement.

The brave Sabines, situated during the march in the rear, constituted the remaining column. In the battle they occupied the left wing of the army. Venerable Metius yielded the command of these to young Numa. That antient warrior had recommenced soldier in the evening of his days ; yet his age, his reputa-

reputation, his white hairs, his scars, independent of his high situation, procured him universal respect. He was constantly attentive to the duties of a commander. Near to him were distinguished the sage Catillus, the formidable Coras, and Tanair, and Talos, and the valiant Gallus, grandson of the river Abaris, and the amiable Astur, who had been brought up on the banks of the fountain of Blandusia, and whom all the army believed to be enamoured of that enchanting nymph ; and the valiant Ufens, whose thick beard painted with a variety of colours, concealed one half of his visage. Numa was followed by all these warriors.

Covered with glittering armour, intoxicated with love and joy, Numa advanced at their head on a milk white courser, which the affectionate

Tatius

Tatius had given him. The spirited animal bounded under his youthful rider, pawed the earth and air with his feet; and listened to the neighing of the horses in the van with foaming impatience.

At his side, in a magnificent car, advanced the warlike Herfilia, resembling Pallas in her armour, and the goddess of love in beauty. Her brilliant helmet had for its crest the Roman eagle; on her shoulder rested a golden quiver, and in her hands was the bow of Pandarus, which Æneas brought into Italy, and which was transmitted to his grandson Romulus. The sage Brutus, the first of that illustrious family, conducted the car of the princess; and the enamoured Numa envied him his station. With his eyes rivetted on Herfilia, he proceeded by the side of her

her chariot. She equalled in charms the most perfect of the Amazonian beauties, yet the practice of war had not given her the fierce aspect of those warlike females. Thus Apollo and Diana traverse together the precipices of Cynthus; they are equally formidable, and equally dazzle the observer; but the daughter of Latona preserves a sternness and intrepidity of features, which is not impressed on the mild countenance of her brother.

The army advanced with rapid steps towards the banks of Liris, and the plains of Auxencia. They intended there to join the troops of the king of Capua; but it was necessary to pass through the country of the Hernici to effect this design. Romulus sent heralds to ask permission to continue his route. The king of the Hernici refused his request:

I am

I am neither the ally, said he, of the Marfi, or of the Romans. If your enemy's army were marching towards Rome, I should not suffer its journey to be shortened by passing through my kingdom. It is equally just in me to prohibit your advances, and I consider myself as adhering to equity, when I preserve neutrality.

At this reply, Romulus was inflamed with anger. Imprudent king, exclaimed he, thou shalt be taught how dangerous it is to remain inactive between two powerful enemies. From this day thou art at the mercy of the conqueror.

Obliged however to postpone his vengeance, and to take a long circuit before he could reach the frontiers of the Marfi, he prepared to pass the mountains of the Simbruins, where the Anio derives its source.

I

That

That long and painful march har-
rassed the army, but it was serviceable
to the young warriors, by whom Ro-
mulus was numerously attended.
Numa especially, began a severe ap-
prenticeship to the art of war. In-
structed by masters so skilful as the
Sabines, animated by love, and by
the presence of Herfilia, he al-
ready possessed the experience of a
general. Though he had never fought,
yet he knew how a battle should
be conducted; and his ardent cou-
rage, which he was impatient to dis-
play before the eyes of Herfilia,
prompted him to expect with trans-
port the appearance of the enemy.

At length they reached the banks
of the Liris, whose stream separates
the Marfi from the Æqui and the
Hernici. At the head of thirty
thousand men the king of Capua had
been

been encamped there for three days. As soon as he perceived the van of the Roman army, he drew out his forces, ranged them in order, and, amidst the enlivening sound of many warlike instruments, waited the arrival of his allies.

Romulus commanded his trumpets to be sounded, and drew up his army opposite to that of the Campanians. He then advanced towards the king of Capua. The two monarchs embraced, and swore eternal friendship to each other; and Romulus, who was already anxious to know the troops which were going to fight in his cause, went to take a survey of their ranks.

He had proceeded but a few steps, when his ears were wounded with noise and confusion. The Campanian troops presumed to smile in his presence,

fence, to converse with each other, and to give proofs of a want of discipline, which excited his disgust and indignation. He beheld them with severity; he listened with pity to a croud of generals, who were making a display of their empty wisdom, and thought them unworthy of a reply. He was mortified to see veteran soldiers commanded by boyish captains, and to observe gold and silver glittering on all their breast-plates. He took hold of a splendid shield, which seemed to be supported with difficulty by a young Campanian warrior. He was shocked to discover upon it an amorous inscription. He broke several of the soldier's lances, and asked them, with an ironical smile, of what use such instruments would be in war.

He

He afterwards entered the camp of the Campanians. His anger was highly excited at seeing magnificent tents scented with costly perfumes, ornamented with baths and couches, and every other species of luxury, which are to be found in polished cities. He observed here public games, at which the commanders passed their evenings in depriving each other of their fortune, their repose, and, not unfrequently, of their honour. He saw, with still greater indignation, a croud of courtezans, almost as numerous as the army, who kept an open seminary of vice, allured the younger soldiers into their destructive snares, rendered them weak and timid, and totally unfit for the pursuits of war and glory. He was shocked at perceiving nothing, ex-

cept debasing effeminacy, destructive indolence, and disgusting obscenity.

He departed precipitately from this displeasing scene. He took the king of Campania by the hand, and conducted him, without saying a word, through the ranks of the Roman army. A profound silence reigned throughout; on every countenance was impress the most attentive respect. Each warrior, motionless in his station, fixed his eyes on his leader, and seemed anxious to anticipate every order before it was issued. Their armour, composed only of brass and iron, shone with the most dazzling brightness. The princes and generals, whose birth or merit entitled them to peculiar distinction, were alone permitted to be adorned with gold and silver. In the retinue of the army were seen neither women
nor

nor wealth ; but, instead of these, horses to supply the loss of those which might be killed, arms to replace those which might be broken, and every possible preparation for the sick and wounded. Each soldier carried his tent, his provisions, and his arms ; and none ever complained either of the length of his march, or of the weight of his burden.

Romulus silently watched the countenance of the sovereign of Capua, while he exhibited to his notice these valiant troops. He took a javelin from one of the inferior soldiers, and put it into the king's hand. His strength was unequal to its weight, and blushing, he let it fall to the ground. Romulus then broke silence in the following terms :—

King of Capua, I now appeal to your judgment, whether your troops

I 4

and

and mine can possibly fight under the same standard. Fierce lions, and timorous lambs, are not accustomed to associate. Your army would enfeeble mine; and my Romans, who are always accustomed to attack the enemy, would lose half their strength in defending their allies. Besides, I am threatened with a still greater danger: the contagion which reigns in your camp, would infect mine; and that degrading effeminacy, more dreadful than all diseases, would enervate and relax my soldiers; though we should obtain a victory, I should myself be vanquished. King of Capua, your alliance, be assured, is a pleasing object of my wishes; but the glory of my people is a matter of still higher concern. If you desire that we should remain friends, we must at present separate.

Re-

Remove from me those dangerous associates; and if you cannot compel your own subjects to become men, prevent, at least, their corrupting those who do honour to their species.

At this address, young Capis, son of the king of Campania, a prince worthy of being a Roman, shewed the strongest emotions of shame and regret. His father, confounded with that sense of superiority, which littleness cannot avoid feeling at the sight of transcendant qualities, begged Romulus would give him directions for his future conduct, and promised minutely to follow his advice.

I am convinced, answered Romulus, that the Samnites are on their march to assist the Marfi; but they must pass through the city of Auxencia, which belongs to you. Within its walls repair with a third of your
army,

army, and defend it against all attacks. Detach the rest against the Samnites under the conduct of one of your ablest generals. Forbid him, however, to come to an engagement with that formidable people, since your soldiers are unfit to oppose them: but to harass them in their march, and prevent their junction with the Marfi. In the mean time, I will attack these, and, supported by my father, I entertain the most sanguine hopes of victory. Afterwards your general shall allow a free passage to the Samnites, who, advancing to Auxencia, shall find themselves enclosed by our two armies, without a possibility of retreat. Their inevitable destruction must terminate the war in a single day.

When

When he had finished, Capis fell prostrate at his feet: O monarch, said he, whom I view with veneration not inferior to that which I owe to Mars your father, grant me the inestimable honour of fighting under your standard. I wish to learn the discipline requisite to form a soldier; and what master shall I be able to find so worthy of my attention as yourself? By your instructions I shall be able to teach the subjects of my father the art of war; and the glory of their becoming Romans will be entirely attributed to you.

Deeply affected with these words, Romulus raised Capis from the ground, and immediately gave him the command of a Roman cohort. More elated in being one of the officers of Romulus, than prince of Capua, he kissed the hand of his general,

neral, bade adieu to his father, and hastened to take possession of his new appointment. At the same moment, the king of Campania, with ten thousand soldiers, set out for the defence of Auxencia. The remainder, under the command of one of his officers, by birth a Greek, marched to oppose the Samnites; and Romulus, impatient to engage, was desirous, before the close of day, to encamp beyond the Lyris.

He discovered a ford, and was preparing to pass it, when three ambassadors from the Marfi made their appearance. Their aspect was venerable; their beards descended to their girdles, and their heads were almost entirely shaved. Each carried in one hand a wooden vase, in the other a glittering arrow. They ad-

advanced with solemnity and courage.

King of Rome, said the oldest of them, what cause of contention is there between you and us? Have we desolated your country? Have we menaced your city with destruction? What are your designs, and wishes? We are invaded by the king of Campania, because he pretends to possess some visionary claim to our possessions; he will be punished for his temerity. But on this vain pretence you cannot become our enemy. You are to us a stranger; we to you are equally unknown; and we possess nothing which can excite your avarice. Our ploughs and oxen, our clubs, and vessels like these which we carry, are the only presents which the gods have given us. Hence we are serviceable to our friends, and hostile to

to our enemies. To the former we give a portion of the produce of our fields, and we pour with them from these cups libations to Jupiter. The latter at a distance we assail with arrows; and, if they have the rashness to approach too near, we overwhelm them with clubs. King of Rome, you are at liberty to choose, either the cup, or the arrow. You are declared by fame to be the son of a divinity; if you are so highly honoured, you ought to shew benevolence to mankind; if your origin be mortal, dread to oppose men equally brave with yourself, and more just and equitable.

Fear is to me a stranger, answered Romulus, with eyes enflamed with the most ardent fury: I come hither to support my ally, without troubling myself to examine the justice

tice of his cause. I am not the son of Themis, but that of Mars. Return back, old man, to the people whom thou hast left, announce to them war and subjection; and leave behind thee that arrow, which is a most acceptable present, since it gives me hopes of meeting an enemy worthy of my courage and exertions.

At these words, he snatched the arrow from the hand of the aged orator. The sage regarded him for some time in silence, then raising his eyes to heaven, as if to call upon the gods to witness the justice of his cause; he afterwards, without answering a single word, withdrew.

Romulus immediately passed the Liris, and pitched his camp on the territories of the Marfi.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

B O O K IV.

The Marfi being affembled, are defirous of appointing a general. Discord is fown among them. They determine that that candidate fhall be elected, who fhall break a poplar. Young Leo fucceeds in the attempt, and yields to a venerable ſenior the command. The army proceeds on its march: it meets with the Romans. The military ſkill of Romulus. The humanity of Numa; he offers a ſacrifice to Ceres, and releases his prifoners. Ceres cauſes the Ancile to fall at his feet. Leo attacks, during the night, the Roman camp, ſets it on fire, commits great deſtruction, and overthrows Romulus.

THE Marfi, in the mean time, being affembled in the ſacred foreſt of Marrubia, were in hopes of peace, yet made the moſt active preparations

parations for war. The venerable senate, by whom this free people were governed, had already sent an embassy to their allies to request assistance. The youth were already in arms; and twenty thousand warriors armed with bows or clubs, waited the return of their ambassadors with impatience.

They in a short time arrived, and advanced into the midst of the assembly with a slow and solemn pace, and with every symptom of dejection and discontent. They were instantly encircled round, and requested to declare the answer they had received. Prepare your arms, exclaimed they, Romulus has made choice of the arrow: he is already encamped upon our plains, and has presumed to threaten us with *subjection*. At this opprobrious word, a cry of indignation

K

dignation issued from every quarter. The army in a paroxysm of fury, requested to march directly against the enemy. The seniors checked their ardour; desired them to wait the arrival of their allies, and to appoint a commander worthy of opposing the king of Rome.

To this signal honour many warriors aspired. Among these was distinguished the valiant Aulon, a descendant of Cacus, who instead of a sword or javelin, carried an axe of such an enormous magnitude, that no one among the Marfi, except himself, could wield; Pentheus also, who was equally active in the practice of war, and who numbered among his ancestors the unfortunate Marfias, the father of the Marfian people; Liger likewise, who possessed an incredible swiftness of foot, and
whose

whose only weapon was a sharp iron quoit, which he threw with such dexterity, that its blow was always mortal; and the disciple of Apollo, the young and amiable Astor, whose immense shield terminating in three long points, was intended to be fixed in the ground, while behind its iron rampart he shot his arrows with that skill, which the Delian god had taught him. Such were the candidates for the command of the army. Equally respected by the soldiers, one spoke for Liger, another for Pentheus; the cavalry voted for Aulon, the archers for Astor.

The rivals beheld and addressed each other with indignation. Each boasted of his birth and his exploits, and endeavoured to diminish those of his opponents. From mutual insults, they began to menace and defy each

K 2

other;

other ; Astor snatched an arrow, Pentheus poised a javelin, Liger prepared his quoit, and the fierce Aulon elevated high his tremendous axe.

At this moment the wife Sophanor, the oldest member of the senate, rushed into the midst of them, and checked their fury : What can you propose, exclaimed he ; do you wish to secure victory to the Romans, by depriving the Marfi of their protectors ? Can a vain desire of power extinguish in your breasts the love of your country ? Alas, what must be her situation, if her most valuable sons turn their arms against each other. Think not that I am animated by any views of personal advantage ; I can see you without regret aspire to a situation, which I might perhaps, without impropriety, myself claim from my services and experience. Glory however, consists
not

not in commanding our equals, but in subduing our enemies. Every drop of blood which is shed in any other contest, is a robbery against the state. If you are devoured by a thirst of slaughter, and want patience to wait the arrival of the Romans, bury your javelins in my bosom. I have already lived too long, when I see my warlike countrymen ready to destroy each other. On me then wreak your fury; but, previous to the blow, attend a moment to my advice. You are equal to each other in valour; by your birth and your exploits you are equally illustrious. The bounty of heaven is the cause of your present contention. Each is qualified to fill the high station to which you all aspire. Let, however, strength of body decide a contest, which equality of courage can-

not determine. Fix a chain to the top of an ancient poplar, and he, who shall break the tree, or bend it to the ground, shall be declared our leader.

The advice was loudly applauded by the army and the people. The candidates laid down their arms, and swore solemnly to obey him who should prevail in the attempt. At that moment four of the Marfi climbed to the top of a high poplar, and fixed to it a long and heavy chain, which descended to the ground with a tremendous noise.

The seniors who were to decide, had taken their seats, and the signal was on the point of being given, when a voice was heard, and a Marfian youth was seen to advance, of a tall and majestic figure, and of a mild and noble aspect. He was covered
with

with a lion's skin, whose paws heavy with gold, ornamented his breast. The terrific head of that animal, with its teeth still remaining, constituted his helmet. His half-naked legs were clad in buskins; and his nervous arm supported a club rendered more formidable by knots and points of iron. Young and beautiful as Apollo, fierce and commanding as Mars, he advanced with hasty steps into the midst of the assembly. There he stopped and rested on his club; then surveying the seniors with respect, he addressed them in the following terms:

While I was persuaded, venerable senators, that experience and military skill constituted the highest qualities of a general, I presumed not to be a candidate for an honour, of which my youth was unworthy. By this day's decision, you have determined,

K₄

that

that strength alone is a sufficient requisite. Hence I have the presumption to dispute the prize. I cannot imitate my noble rivals, in deriving merit from my birth. I have no ancestry to boast of. Yet this lion's skin with which you see me clad, once covered the great Alcides, and with this club was the hydra of Lerna overwhelmed. My strength and courage are my only titles to nobility, and my only pretensions in the present contest. Of the one the Romans shall form a judgment; with regard to the other you shall now determine.

This speech of the valiant Leo was seconded by the loud applause of the army. Chance determined the order in which the candidates should try their powers. The name of Pentheus appeared first, next that of
Astor;

Astor; then Liger, afterwards Aulon, and Leo was the last.

The trumpets gave a signal; the valiant Pentheus seized the chain, and exerted his utmost strength; yet the trunk of the poplar remained motionless, and its top was scarcely shaken. Enraged, Pentheus exhausted his strength in unavailing efforts: overpowered with fatigue and chagrin, he relinquished the chain, and sought concealment among his troops.

The amiable Astor then advanced to the trial; and the ardent impatience with which he aimed at the command, made him forget to call upon Apollo to his assistance. That offended deity abandoned his ungrateful disciple, and he became immediately deprived of half his strength. In vain did he endeavour to exert his
wonted

wonted powers; even the leaves of the poplar remained still and unshaken.

Elated with joy, Liger sprung forward. He collected all his powers, and shook the branches of the tree with as much violence as if they had been agitated by a tremendous storm: yet, he was totally unable to bend it to the ground. The branches recovered their former station; and Liger retired with less precipitation than he had advanced.

Aulon now arose, and commanded universal attention. He threw aside his shield and breast-plate, and was proud of shewing his muscular arms, and brawny shoulders. He walked twice round the tree, and surveyed it with a haughty smile; then eagerly seizing the chain, as high as his hands could reach, he exerted upon it his weight and strength. The poplar

lar yielded to his efforts, its head inclined, and the army already bestowed their applause. The tree however, immediately recovered itself with greater force than that with which it had been bent, and raising Aulon from the ground, kept him suspended in the air. Obligated to abandon his attempt, he leapt down enraged, seized precipitately his arms, and concealed himself behind his chariot.

Leo only remained. As he advanced, he supplicated Hercules in a low voice. Son of Jupiter, said he, I call upon thee to remember the hospitality thou didst once receive from the grandfather of my beloved Camilla: from the height of Olympus deign to look down upon me, and from thy regard I shall be inspired with unusual strength; to
thee

thee I shall sacrifice whether I am vanquished, or victorious.

Scarce was his supplication ended, when he felt all his limbs animated with new vigour. He set one of his feet on the last link of the chain, seized it at the height of his forehead with both his hands; and exerting his whole strength, he bent the top of the poplar, more deliberately, yet nearer to the earth than it had before been bent by Aulon. He was no sooner convinced of his superiority, than he redoubled his efforts, called again on Hercules, and giving way to his enthusiastic ardour, broke the poplar, brought it together with the chain to the ground, and buried its immense top under its spreading branches.

The people and the army expressed the loudest applause; the senate declared Leo victorious. Springing forward

ward over the ruins he had made, and addressing the soldiers, Associates, said he, in me you behold your general. You have sworn to pay obedience to strength; yet strength should submit to wisdom. I will doubtless be your leader, but Sophanor shall be mine. He hath served more campaigns, than we have seen battles: it is by his experience that our youthful courage must be directed. If Sophanor will lend the army his wisdom, to his use Leo will devote this arm. At these words, he bent his knee to Sophanor, and begged to receive his commands.

The astonished Marfi believed Leo to be more than mortal. Sophanor shed tears of admiration: No, my son, exclaimed he, it is thou who shalt be our leader. Led on by another Hercules, what will not the Marfi accom-

accomplish? Since thou hast not despised my age, since thou hast honoured my hoary head, the gods will reward thee with success. I venture to foretel thy victories, and I thank the immortal deities that they have left me a few drops of blood to shed at thy side, and some faint remains of voice to celebrate thy reputation.

My father, answered Leo, it was for you that I made trial of my strength; it was to honour you, that the gods granted me victory. Be our general, I entreat and conjure you: if my prayers are insufficient, remember that you have sworn to me obedience, and I *command* you to be our leader.

By these words Sophanor was prevailed upon to comply; but insisted that Leo should be his colleague. Both were proclaimed by
the

the army. Sophanor soon appeared covered with an antique coat of mail: his age, his venerable aspect, his long white beard, inspired respect; his young colleague impressed terror. These two arranged the troops, disposed them in order for the march, and waited only for their allies.

These in a short time arrived. The Pelignians, the Amiterni, the people of Frentania and Caracena, descended from the Apennines, and joined the Marfi. As a signal for their departure, Sophanor ordered the image of a dragon, which was their ensign in battle, to be elevated in the air.

But the army was impeded and chilled with terror by a tremendous prodigy. Over their heads were seen an eagle holding in his talons a formidable dragon, who bloody, and
scarce

scarce breathing, still struggled, fought, and endeavoured to wound the bird of Jupiter. The soldiers motionless and silent, waited for the event; when in a few moments, the victorious eagle pierced with its beak the scales of the dragon, and dropped it lifeless in the midst of the Marlian troops.

This was a discouraging omen for these warriors. But observing their terror and agitation, Leo seized the first bow which he could meet with, levelled an arrow at the soaring eagle, and brought him breathless to the ground. Thus, said he, will I bring under subjection the Roman eagle; thus will I revenge the people whom they are desirous to enslave. Marli, let no fears perplex you: the best of auguries, is the justice of our cause. Romulus is only prompted by
ambi-

ambition; while your country is the hallowed motive for which you go forth to battle. An enterprize so meritorious, the gods must of necessity protect.

These words, and the animation with which they were delivered, chased away fear from every heart. The Marfi filled the air with their joyful acclamations; believed themselves, as well as Leo, to be invincible; and encouraged by the most ardent hope, set forward with rapid steps to meet the enemy.

They came in sight of the Romans in the plain of Lucencia, bounded by mountains on the north and east, and by woods on the west and south. On the border of these woods Romulus had encamped; Sophanor and Leo drew up their troops at the foot of the mountains; and the two ar-

L

mies

mies were separated only by the river Furinus.

Romulus advanced immediately to the bank of this river, and examined the position of the enemy. He reconnoitred the ground which they occupied, compared it with his own, and permitted not the minutest object to escape his notice. He founded the river, and found a place where it was fordable; and satisfied with his observations, he returned to his tent, assembled his officers, and informed them, that on the morrow at sunrise, he should attempt a passage. They expressed surprize at his intentions. He however proceeded to explain to them briefly the order in which the attack should be conducted, the station which each should occupy, the spot where he intended to draw out the enemy,
his

his plan if victorious, his resources if repulsed. He convinced them, in fine, that he had prepared every thing necessary for conquest, and had provided every requisite in case of a defeat.

His aged generals beheld him with admiration: Numa overpowered with joy, could not repress his transports. The day, which had so long been eagerly wished for, was at length arrived. The period was now approaching, when he should be able to shew himself worthy of Hersilia's affection. He hastened immediately to his Sabine troops; he traversed their tents, he called by name upon every leader and private soldier: he informed them of the intended action, he embraced them with ardour, counted the hours which intervened before the engagement,

ment, and even murmured against Romulus for not having attempted that evening to pass the river.

In the midst of his impatient agitation, he observed a detachment to return, which had been sent to surprise a village. The cruel order had been but too completely executed. They brought with them a number of women, children, and disconsolate old men, who advanced with their hands bound behind them, and with their eyes swimming in tears. The mother, the daughter, and the husband regarded each other with grief and terror; they presumed not to speak, and endeavoured in vain by a near approach, to mingle their woes together. This trivial satisfaction the inhuman soldiers forbade them to enjoy. With menaces, and with the bloody points of their spears,

spears, they compelled them to accelerate their tardy pace. These barbarians treated with less insensibility the animals which they had taken. They exercised towards the women and old men a savage brutality, while they regarded their oxen and sheep with care and kindness.

At this spectacle the humane mind of Numa was sensibly affected. A desire of relieving the unhappy prisoners, occupied his whole attention. They were already arrived at the royal tent, where, confounded with their cattle, they waited the decision of their fate. Numa approached in haste, and threw himself at the feet of Romulus: O! my sovereign, exclaimed he, contemplate the inhuman deeds, which in your name are committed. Behold these unfortunate wretches,

L 3 dragged

dragged from their peaceful dwellings, and loaded with chains and insult. Of what crimes have they been guilty to merit such unfeeling treatment? Towards a resisting enemy, danger may justify cruelty and outrage. But to invade the defenceless cottager, to vanquish age and weakness, and to add insult to oppression, is a barbarous cowardice, which the gods themselves must look down upon with abhorrence. Since you are the son of an immortal deity, you must, of course, render justice. You will set at liberty these unfortunate captives, you will send them back to their habitations, you will give them—

Young man, interrupted Romulus, I view thy ignorance with compassion. These slaves, these cattle, do not belong to me; they are the property

perty of my soldiers. They are the price of their courage, their labour, and their blood. Before I consult humanity to my foes, I must be just to my associates. These slaves must be divided among the leaders of my army; they will afterwards dispose of them as they please; and, that there may be no cause of complaint, chance shall regulate the distribution.

It is well, returned Numa rising; I am one of your officers, and have a right to a certain share.

Romulus admitted the justice of his claim. The urn, destined for the reception of the lots, was brought; the leaders, who were to share the plunder advanced; they resembled voracious hounds, who having run down a stag, abstain through awe of the huntsman, from tearing it to

L 4

pieces;

pieces; yet pant with joy and fatigue for that moment, when it shall be delivered over to their rapacity.

Ceres, who from heaven constantly watched over Numa, applauded his humanity; she influenced the lots, and took care that his portion should be more numerous than that of the rest.

Having taken possession of his prisoners, Numa ordered the cattle which fell to his share to follow after him, and he proceeded towards a thick forest with which the camp was surrounded. He there raised an altar of turf, chose a white heifer, which, after he had sprinkled milk between her horns, he sacrificed, and placing her whole upon the pile, before he set it on fire, he addressed Ceres in the following words: Daughter of Jupiter, I offer to you this victim;
far

far however am I from being persuaded, that the blood of an animal can procure me your protection. It is not by oblations like this, that the favour of the gods is to be acquired. To relieve the unfortunate, is in their eyes, a more pleasing object than a hecatomb on their altars. Receive then, O Ceres, an offering more worthy of thy acceptance. He then turned to his captives, and said to them: Unhappy people, I restore to you your freedom. You have been despoiled of your property; receive back that part of it allotted to me; these cattle are yours: share them amongst you, return to your habitations, and bless the name of Ceres, to whom you are indebted for your deliverance.

In an attitude of doubt and astonishment, they were apprehensive
what

what they had seen and heard was but a dream. Numa was beginning to speak further, when a celestial flame descended on his head, played thrice round his temples, and then kindled the pile on which the victim was laid. Immediately the fire ascended to the skies, loud thunder pealed, the clouds opened, and a golden shield descended at the feet of Numa. At the same instant a voice, loud as that of an host, uttered the following words; Whoever possesses this buckler, shall prove invincible. Over thee, Numa, the gods watch with peculiar care; for no one can please, or resemble them, but by performing acts of humanity.—The thunder ceased, the sky became calm, the victim was reduced to ashes, and an ambrosial odour was diffused around, which sufficiently testified

tified that Numa had been addressed by a divinity.

He now raised himself from that prostrate posture in which he had remained during the preceding prodigy, and felt his heart throb with that delicious joy, which a good action never fails to inspire. He took up the celestial buckler, and examined it with the most anxious solicitude: it was composed of the purest gold, and curved in the form of a crescent like the Thracian shields. On it was represented, in exquisite workmanship, all the events of Astartea's reign, which have made less impression than those of any other age on the memory of mankind, because what is most estimable is generally the soonest buried in oblivion. On one side appeared a number of persons afflicted with famine, who
were

were receiving from a neighbouring people the half of the property they possessed. In another part was seen brothers diminishing by consent their inheritance, in order to make provision for a distressed orphan. A little further was discovered a parent, attended by his children, reaping his field, and plucking secretly ears from the sheaves of corn to throw them into the path of the gleaners. The celestial buckler represented throughout, actions of beneficence and virtue. The immortal artist had doubtless thought it necessary to teach mankind, in the midst of war, to recollect humanity.

While Numa contemplated these interesting scenes, the captives whom his kindness had preserved, formed at his feet a picture worthy of being delineated on the celestial shield. By
their

their tears and their agitation they testified their gratitude and their joy : mothers lifted up their children in order to behold their benefactor ; husbands and wives heaped the most ardent blessings on the restorer of their union and their happiness ; the aged foretold that futurity had in store for him the most complete prosperity ; and the oldest stepping forward, addressed him in the following terms :

May the gods repay thee, generous youth, for the bounty thou hast bestowed on us ! We were never the enemies of the Roman people. We are only indigent shepherds, whose habitation has been those high mountains, situated between the Marfi and the Hernici, of whom we are totally independant, though we have often felt their oppression. To the

the soldiers of Romulus we explained our situation ; yet they treated us as guilty, though they knew us to be innocent. Thou, on the contrary, though we appeared to thee in the light of enemies, hast exercised towards us the warmest friendship. Thou wilt experience, be assured, the protection of the immortal gods; they will, perhaps, put thy fortitude to some trials ; but thou shalt rise superior to them all. Farewell ; remember the Rheates, which is the appellation by which we are known : shouldst thou ever chance to visit the mountains we inhabit, you will hear our infant children bless the name of Numa.

When he had thus spoken, the old man went to preside over the distribution of the cattle which Numa had given them, while this youthful hero,
steal-

stealing himself away from their grateful observance, and carrying with him his golden shield, hastened pensively into his tent.

His mind was occupied with Herfilia ; his heart, full of hope and joy, was devoted wholly to love. His steps were involuntarily directed towards the tent of the princess. Arrived at the door, he presumed not to pass over the threshold ; he stopped, sighed, and trembled to advance further. Though he carried on his arm a buckler by which he became invincible ; though he would have rushed without dread into the camp of the enemy, yet he dared not to draw aside the purple curtain, which closed the entrance of Herfilia's pavilion.

At length however he ventured to look into the tent, and to search for the princess. Finding she was not there,

there, he ventured to enter, and in every object which presented itself to his view, he beheld Herfilia. He contemplated her armour, her javelins, her bow, her golden lyre, her garments, and her bed, which consisted only of a lion's skin. He remained motionless, without either daring to touch what he saw, or being able to turn his eyes from these enchanting objects. A delicious languor overwhelmed his senses ; he was no longer sufficient for his own support ; he sunk trembling on the couch where Herfilia had been seated ; he breathed the air which she had respired ; he was in a state of enthusiastic intoxication, his bosom heaved, and burning tears flowed plenteously down his cheeks.

At that moment the camp resounded with a loud and tumultuous noise ;
the

the trumpets sounded, and a tremendous clangour was heard in that quarter where the troops of Romulus were stationed. Herfilia herself, with a disordered mien, and dishevelled hair, arrived at her tent, calling aloud—To arms ! She precipitately seized her helmet and her javelins ; and, without shield or breast-plate, was hastening to the battle. Stay, princess, said Numa ; it shall be my business to arm the Sabines : accept at least this buckler, the present of a powerful goddess ; in protecting you, it will preserve my life. He spoke ; and without waiting for a reply, he left with her the celestial buckler, and hastened to join his brave associates.

Leo was the cause of this alarm. From the moment the Romans had been encamped so near the Marfi, he had meditated a design of attacking

M

them

them by surprize. Be assured, said he to his venerable colleague, that Romulus will to-morrow provoke us to an engagement: it is consistent with our glory to anticipate his intention. When the evening star shall make her appearance, with three thousand men I leave the camp; I will swim across the river, and carry fire and destruction even to Romulus's tent: and should my endeavours be crowned with success, I meditate a still higher and more noble enterprize.

Sophanor embraced him with the most ardent affection. They immediately selected three thousand of the Marfi; whom they armed with short swords, with unplumed helmets, and sable-coloured bucklers. Sophanor inspired them with a sense of the high honour by
which

which they were distinguished, in being chosen to accompany Leo in this expedition.

When the veil of night was spread over the earth, Leo departed from the camp, passed the river, ranged his troops on the opposite shore, and inspired them with that courage and intrepidity which animated his own. Closely linked together, and observing the profoundest silence, they marched with rapid steps towards that part of the Roman camp where Romulus's troops were stationed.

They approached the advanced guards, and dispatched them, as well as the rest they afterwards met with, without resistance. Undiscovered, and unimpeded, they arrived at the tent of the Roman monarch; and rushing forward with loud acclamations and resistless impetuosity,

they carried terror and carnage to the royal pavilion.

Alone in his tent, Romulus was planning the attack, which he intended on the morrow. At the first alarm, his rage was inflamed on hearing the shouts of the invaders. Provoked at being surprized, by a party of barbarians, he speedily adjusted his helmet, seized his buckler and his javelins, and hastened to throw himself into the midst of his enemies. With incredible rapidity he roused and exhorted. His voice, like thunder, resounded through every corner of the camp. His warriors hastened in crowds to the engagement; Horatius, Mifenus, Brutus, and Abas appeared in arms, and found their intrepid monarch alone, making resistance against the enemy. Already
had

had his victorious arm sent to the shades the valiant Opheltus, the brave Aulcestor, Zopharis and Corineus. The unfortunate Pentheus purchased with his life the honour of having opposed Romulus in battle. His javelin penetrated the breast-plate of the Roman king, but his heart was pierced by Romulus. With astonishment at this event, the ardour of the Marfi was abated; they ceased both to attack the enemy and to defend themselves; and repulsed on every side they sought for Leo as their only protection.

He had been pervading the inmost recesses of Romulus's tent, and at that instant made his appearance. In one hand he held his club, and in the other a lighted faggot. On seeing him, the Romans stopped in their career, and the courage of the

Marfi revived. He hastened to lead them on; he threw flaming fire-brands into the Roman tents, which spread on every side destructive devastation. The fury of Leo was added to that of the conflagration. He darted forward; and sacrificed Abas, Massiens, and Tibur; Talassius fell under his resistless arm: the brave Misenus opposed him for a moment; but in the next sunk breathless at his feet. Leo carried every where flames and destruction. Thus from the summit of *Ætna* descends the liquid fire, overflows the neighbouring country with its boiling waves, tears up from their foundation woods and rocks, and overwhelms with dreadful destruction whatever presumes to oppose its passage.

Perceiving the havoc which was made by Leo, Romulus prepared his
wea-

weapons, threw his immense buckler over his shoulders, and marched across heaps of the slain to oppose his enemy. He approached him, and attempted to speak, but rage deprived him of the power of utterance. He levelled against Leo the strongest of his javelins, and sought with his piercing eye, where he might most easily be wounded. He hurled with his collected strength his weapon; and perhaps the skin of the Nemean lion had been pierced; perhaps the renown of that youthful hero had been for ever terminated by the tremendous blow, had not his club, with which he had dealt destruction among the Romans, impeded the progress of the javelin; it however was torn from his hands, and the knots and iron with which it was armed were entirely penetrated.

M 4

Thus

Thus defenceless he cast his eyes around him, and espied a stone of an enormous size, which the Romans had been unable to remove from their camp, and which had served as a boundary for the husbandmen. He instantly moved it from its station, raised it over his head, and hurled it on his enemy.

Romulus, unable to avoid or withstand this impetuous blow, sunk beneath it, and his faithful warriors hastened to his assistance. But Romulus could no longer support himself: covered with bruises, emitting blood, his head reclined, his arms resting on the ground, without strength and motion, and almost without life, he was carried to his tent, at the moment when Hersilia and Numa, at the head of the Sabines, were hastening to his assistance.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

A R G U M E N T.

B O O K V.

Herfilia and Numa repulse the Marfi. The retreat of Leo. Romulus fortifies his camp. New exploits of Leo. The junction of the Marfi and the Samnites. Romulus assembles his council. Numa goes to secure the possession of some defiles among the Trebanian mountains. He meets there a body of people by whom he is beloved. The defeat of the Marfi in the defiles. Remarkable combat of Numa and Leo. The magnanimity of Numa. He hears that Tullus is dying; he relinquishes the camp to attend upon his friend.

AS an immense portion of a rock, separated from the top of a high mountain, rolls down with a hideous noise towards the plain below, gathering every moment additional velocity,
and

and crushes to pieces or carries with it whatever it meets with in its passage; the terrified nymphs and shepherds flee with precipitation from the impending ruin, the trembling flocks hasten to the valley, and the husbandman remains motionless and transfixed with apprehension: but in the most furious impetuosity of its career, two powerful oaks, whose trunks and branches during an hundred years have been entwined together, oppose its passage, impede its progress, and save the flocks and shepherds from that destruction which they deemed inevitable: thus was the fury of Leo checked by Herfilia and Numa.

The fierce Amazonian, armed with the celestial buckler, was the first to attack him. Barbarian! exclaimed she, it is Jove himself who delivers thee into my hands; the fatal

tal period of thy destiny is now arrived: in the infernal regions thou mayest boast if thou wilt, the honour of having wounded the mighty Romulus. She spoke, and threw a javelin, which her rage prevented her from directing with sufficient care. The weapon passed by the side of Leo, and pierced the valiant Telon, who was, at that instant, despoiling Aruncus of his armour. Without the least emotion, Leo tore the javelin from Telon's body, and regarding Herfilia with a contemptuous smile: I return thee, said he, thy weapon; learn with more skill to direct it for the future. He then hurled the javelin at the princess; but Numa threw himself instantly between her and the intended blow; he forgot that the celestial buckler would protect Herfilia; in
his

his opinion his own person appeared a more secure defence. He received on his breast the point of the tremendous javelin, it penetrated to his bosom, and his armour was stained with blood. Regardless still of himself, he thought only on Herfilia: the more his wound seemed dangerous, the more he returned thanks to heaven for having preserved her from it. Yet these sentiments yielded to a desire of vengeance: he sprung forward towards Leo. A crowd of combatants separated them from each other. They mutually desired to meet, but were unable to effect their purpose.

Numa then rushed upon the Marfi, and, as the ears of corn fall under the reaper's sickle, they sunk under his resistless attack. Ever near Herfilia, he dealt destruction with one
hand

hand, and defended her with the other. She indulged the most unbridled fury: she sacrificed Ocres, Opiter, Soractor, and the young Almeron, who was the only hope, and the only child of the unhappy Almeria. That affectionate mother had foreseen his destiny.

When the Marfi were assembled, and preparing to march against the Romans, Almeron, who was but fourteen years of age, escaped from his mother's habitation, and joined the army. At the moment of their departure, his disconsolate parent arrived in search of her son. She enquired for him, with the most anxious impatience, of every one she met. Almeron perceived her, and endeavoured to hide himself in the farthest ranks. But through what concealment will not the eye of a mother

mother penetrate? She soon discovered him, flew to him, clasped him in her arms, and bedewed his cheeks with her tears; and, while with a dejected countenance, and his eyes fixed upon the earth, he dreaded her reproaches, amidst the interruption of sighs, she thus addressed him: My dearest son, my only happiness, why art thou so anxious to abandon thy parent? Alas! how useless will be thy exertions in the field of battle! Thy feeble arm is yet unable to support a javelin; thy arrows are scarcely shot with sufficient force to destroy a fawn; and yet thou art willing to engage the most illustrious warriors among the Romans! My dearest child, do not desert me, till thou hast no longer any occasion for a mother's care; do not break my heart, till thou canst live without me.

Thou

Thou weepest, thou preffest me to thy bosom, but thou dost not promise me to renounce thy cruel purpose! And can ye suffer it, O Marfi, who have yourselves experienced the affection of a parent!—Yet since it must be so, I will myself take arms, I will follow my son, I will share his dangers; I will be his shield in battle; and you shall be witnesses of that courage which maternal fondness can inspire.

From this moment Almeria was a constant attendant on her beloved son. Leo, who had a sincere affection for them both, directed that they should station themselves constantly near to him; and thus Almeron, when he had discharged his arrow, retired and found security between his mother and his general. But in that disastrous night they were
fe-

separated from Leo: the formidable Herfilia met them; and, notwithstanding the cries and the exertions of Almeria, buried her sword in the tender bosom of her son. Thus, like a young flower cut down by a sickle on the first morning of its appearance, Almeron fell; his dying eyes sought earnestly for his mother, as their last fond object. She beheld him, and needed no other calamity to deprive her of existence.

Numa, less cruel, but equally invincible, sacrificed those only who made resistance: Hisbon, Marsenna, and Privernus fell beneath his arm. Nasamon and Seralpin bit the ground in anguish. The gallant Liger presumed to hurl his quoit at the youthful hero. And, at that moment, had he not avoided the blow, had been Numa's last. The quoit struck against the sphinx

sphinx which was upon Numa's helmet, and carried away with it the purple plumes. Numa in return rushed upon Liger, and broke his lance in his body; then, seizing his father's sword, he clove the head of Orymanthus, cut off Tarchon's right hand, and laid Quercens breathless at his feet; and pursuing the routed Marfi, he drove them from the field of battle. Leo alone remained.

Though abandoned by his associates, Leo would not submit to fly. He had recovered his club, and had no need of an army. Yet he was surrounded by the Sabines, and the fierce Ufens was advancing towards him, and ironically called to him in the following terms: Thou art not now in an assembly of the Marfi, where to bend a tree is a sufficient qualification to

N

be

be elected a general : death is now thy only privilege, and every attempt to escape it is in vain. Leo beheld him with a smile ; he avoided the javelin which was thrown at him by Ufens, and rushing immediately upon his antagonist, seized him by the middle, and after giving him a fatal gripe, dashed him upon the ground, and set his foot on his trembling carcase. Now, raising his head with haughty disdain, he cast his eyes with coolness and intrepidity on the circle of swords and lances with which he was environed. A stranger to fear, he looked round with determined confidence, before he fixed upon the place where he intended to break through the opposing enemy. At length he resolved on retreat, and dispersed or crushed to death those who attempted to oppose his passage ; retiring

tiring with deliberation and reluctance, like a famished wolf withdrawing from a fold of sheep; thrice he stopped and returned, and thrice he compelled the battalions who pursued him to retreat from his advances. He soon rejoined his warriors; at his voice they were recalled, rallied, and ranged in order. He remained alone between the two armies, protecting the one, and repelling the other.

Animated at beholding exploits which he could not but admire, Numa was anxious to attack Leo: but his attention was at present diverted by a noise which proceeded from the banks of the river. This was occasioned by the aged Sophanor, who, at the head of his troops, was hastening to cover his colleague's retreat. The Marfi feigned an inten-

tion of passing the Fucinus : and to prevent this, Numa was obliged to abandon Leo ; when that warrior, with his remaining troops, retired without danger from the camp which he had filled with carnage.

The wife Sophanor, skilled by long experience in the art of war, kept his army till sunrise on the banks of the river. Numa and his Sabines, notwithstanding their severe fatigue, quitted not the opposite shore. At the approach of day, satisfied that his colleague had had sufficient time to execute his projects, Sophanor withdrew his troops ; and Numa conducted his soldiers to their tents.

The care of the wounded was now his sole employment : whether they were Marfi or Romans who wanted assistance,

assistance, they met with equal aid from Numa. He searched diligently the field of battle, to discover if there were any who still shewed signs of life, and in this enquiry exhibited as much zeal and ardour, as he had displayed in the engagement in endeavouring to single out opponents who were worthy of his arms. Glory no longer occupied his attention; he thought only on humanity; and he regarded as brethren his vanquished enemies.

After fulfilling this inestimable duty; after being convinced that his brave Sabines might safely be refreshed, Numa, without waiting to dress his wound, hastened to the tent of Romulus: a desire of beholding Herfilia was his first motive for precipitation. He arrived at the royal pavilion; he beheld the Roman monarch reclining on a leopard's skin,

N 3 covered

covered with blood, and surrounded by his daughter and his officers. Less occupied with his own misfortunes, than with the disposition of his troops, he preserved a gloomy silence, which, on perceiving Numa, he interrupted in the following terms: Illustrious youth, I waited with impatience for thy arrival; I am already acquainted with thy exploits; to thee alone I am indebted for the preservation of my army. Come, and embrace me: contemplating thy heroic deeds, I feel my pains assuaged. Numa, on his knees, kissed the hand of his sovereign. Rise, said Romulus, and prepare to execute what I am going to propose.

The barbarians have taken us by surprize. My present situation obliges me to suspend my vengeance. A few days will be sufficient to recruit

cruit my strength ; but, during that short period, it will be necessary to exempt my army from every apprehension of insult. Go then, gallant Numa, take ten cohorts, and lead them into the forest to cut down fifty thousand stakes, each of which must be six feet long, and sharpened at the end. Metius, in the mean time, will take care that a deep and wide ditch be dug, which, in the form of a perfect square, may surround our camp ; permit only one entrance to be left in the middle of each side. In this work you will employ my Latin legions ; they have suffered less than the rest from this night's invasion ; and take care that the business be completed before the close of day ; after which I will communicate to you further commands.

N 4

Metius

Metius and Numa executed these orders with the most attentive care. The prudent Romulus commanded that the stakes should be placed upright in the ditch, at short distances from each other; that they should be tied strongly together, to prevent their being torn asunder, and be covered afterwards with earth; and that their sharp points should be on a level with the ground, in order that the camp might be surrounded with a forest of darts. The work was finished in three days. At the four gates were placed eight redoubts, filled with soldiers; and thus in their camp the Romans finding themselves as safe, as within the walls of their city, could not help admiring the genius of a single man, which was able to save or to destroy thousands of his fellow creatures.

Sophanor,

Sophanor, from the other side of the river, beheld these operations of Romulus without the smallest interruption. This inactivity of the Marfi was a cause of serious concern to the Roman monarch. Where, he would say, is the tremendous Leo? He is perhaps sufficiently satisfied in having wounded Romulus; but Romulus is not yet vanquished; the war is scarce begun. Why does not that formidable warrior, so fit for secret expeditions, attempt a second time to burn my camp? A few anxious days will restore to my arm its wonted strength, when I shall not be found behind these intrenchments.

Such were the reflections of Romulus, when a Campanian soldier arrived, covered with blood and dust. He was come, in the greatest haste,
from

from the city of Auxencia, which the king of Campania had undertaken to defend. What news, exclaimed Romulus? Have the Samnites passed the Apennines? Is my ally besieged in the city?—Your ally, replied the foldier, is at the mercy of the enemy. The terrible Leo appeared under the walls of Auxencia, at the moment when we believed him to be engaged with you. He hath taken both the city and the king; is in possession of his treasures, of his troops, and of his military stores; and not contented with this, he hastened to surprize the army, which impeded the Samnites from descending the Apennines. He has routed that army, and opened a passage to those formidable foes.

At these words, Romulus sunk his head upon his breast, and remained

mained for some time without speech. But his attention was soon roused by the shrill noise of trumpets and clarions resounding from beyond the river. It was Leo, conducting to Sophanor's camp his prisoner the king of Capua, together with four thousand captives, an immense booty, and the formidable army of the Samnites. As they advanced, the king of Campania was seen, glittering with gold, and mounted on a powerful courser. At his side, covered with a lion's skin, Leo marched on foot; his brave Marfi surrounded him, and twenty thousand Samnites, clad in shining steel, closed the triumphal procession.

Their tents were soon pitched near to those of Sophanor. The two armies united; and when night had spread her veil over the earth,
 innu-

innumerable lights on the banks of the river, kept the Romans in alarm, lest their camp should every instant be invaded.

The gallant Romans, who had never before beheld an enemy, without the loudest acclamations of joy, at the view of this tremendous camp, observed a mournful silence. The soldiers regarded each other with apprehensive looks; the leaders dreaded to communicate their fears to each other; they all turned their attention towards Romulus. The guards were doubled, and every thing was got ready for an engagement; and notwithstanding the strength of their intrenchments, and the valour and number of the Roman troops, every countenance was marked with anxiety and apprehension.

Romulus himself, though he affected

fectcd compofure, was not unmoved. Leaning on a javelin, and advancing on account of his wound with the greateft deliberation, he vifited his quarters, and encouraged his foldiers; and though his heart was forrowful, he publickly thanked the gods for having at once offered to him all his enemies.

The council was affembled fe-cretly. Metius, Valerius, the fage Catillus, the experienced Brutus, and many other fkilful officers, took their feats near the Roman monarch. On account of her birth the charming Herfilia was invited there, Numa on account of his exploits. Licitors attended at the door of the royal tent. Romulus then laid afide that fictitious gaiety which he had difplayed before the foldiers; and

and looking round on his brave officers with the greatest inquietude: My associates, said he, your advice has always been useful to me, it is now become essential. The enemy, already victorious over my allies, are triple the number of ourselves. We are doubtless able to resist them under cover of our intrenchments; but should they pass the river, and besiege us, before the expiration of eight days we shall be destitute of provisions, and perish without a contest. In this difficulty, my brave friends, I solicit your opinion. Shall we attack their united armies, and avoid by death a shameful capitulation? Or shall we attempt a retreat, which must be attended with difficulty and danger?

Romulus was silent; Metius rose, and advised that they should send im-

immediately to Tatius for aid, and wait within their intrenchments till a reinforcement should arrive from Rome. Brutus, on the contrary, wished that they should immediately issue from the camp, offer battle to the enemy, and stake every thing on a single effort. Herfilia opposed this opinion: While my father is unable to take the field, said she, you will in vain expect to conquer; victory depends on the arm of Romulus; and that arm can at present afford us no assistance. Let us follow the advice of Metius; let us remain in camp, and send to Rome for supplies. But to alarm the enemy, and prevent their engaging in any new enterprize, Numa and I will depart during the night, and penetrate into the camp
of

of the Samnites; and, while intoxicated with success, and harraffed with their march, they indulge in repose, we will fill their tents with carnage. Let my father but approve of this counsel, and we will this instant attempt the expedition.

Numa listened with transport; and beheld her with enthusiastic passion; his heart throbbed with exstacy at being chosen her companion; and that night, in which they were to face danger together, seemed to him the most illustrious epoch of his life. But Romulus dissipated this pleasing hope by opposing his daughter's purpose. Other officers proposed plans, either impossible, or more dangerous than the evil with which they were threatened. By debates like these, their time was hitherto
em-

employed in exposing the evils of their situation, without providing for them a single remedy.

Numa suddenly felt himself inspired by Minerva, and begged permission to speak. This was granted him by Romulus, with the greatest complacency and kindness. Illustrious monarch, said he, I am persuaded there is a project, by which not only the army may be saved, but a certain victory obtained. Behind us are situated the Trebanian mountains, among whose inaccessible heights are narrow defiles, where a hundred thousand men might easily be defeated by a small body of troops. Allow me this night with half my Sabines to repair thither ; before to-morrow in the evening we shall be in possession of these mountains. You, illustrious king, must for the first time fly before an enemy : be not alarmed ;

O

it

it is the prelude to certain victory. The Marfi and Samnites will pursue you, and you will easily sustain their attack in the Trebanian straits; while the Sabines and myself will overwhelm them with arrows, javelins, and fragments of rocks.

Thus spoke Numa : and Romulus embraced him with the most ardent affection. Gallant youth, said he, I shall owe to thee more than my life, for thou wilt preserve my honour. Hasten to execute thy design : take with thee all the Sabines, except the cavalry, which will be of no service, and which will be useful to me in the commencement of my retreat. One night will advance thee sufficiently on thy expedition : depart this instant, and shouldst thou succeed in thy attempt, behold the reward of thy valour.

While

While he spoke these words, he pointed to the charming Herfilia.

Surprize and joy deprived Numa of the power of utterance: he contemplated Romulus and Herfilia at the same time in silent emotion. At length, throwing himself on his knees before the Roman king: Son of Mars, he exclaimed, thou hast made me completely invincible. Let the Marfi, the Samnites, and all the nations of Italy unite against me; I cherish within me a hope that I could subdue them. The name of Herfilia alone would render me almost equal to thyself; and the honour of becoming thy son would raise me infinitely above mortality.

While he spoke these words, his eyes sparkled with love and intrepidity; he cast them on the object of his wishes; he read in her looks the

confirmation of her father's promise ; and, impatient to enter on his expedition, he went immediately to arm the Sabines.

The Latin legions, by Romulus's order, left their tents, and formed themselves in order of battle on the bank of the river, that Numa's departure might be concealed from the enemy. The Marfi hastened to the opposite side, imagining that an attack was intended. A few arrows were shot at random ; and thus the Romans occupied their enemy's attention, while Numa from the opposite side of the camp departed with the Sabines.

He proceeded on his march, and passed through the thick forests which extended towards Sora ; he avoided, by a circuitous course, the dangerous swamps of Aratria, and directing

recting his march towards Affilia, at break of day discovered the high mountains of the Trebanians. Before he allowed his troops to ascend, he prudently sent before some light-armed foldiers, and left behind him the guides by whom Romulus should be conducted. He soon penetrated among these mountains, and advanced by paths the most steep and dangerous. His foldiers, fatigued with their march, could with difficulty ascend the rocks. Numa gave them encouragement and support; he was always at hand, and overcame every impediment himself, before he gave a signal to follow him. If a torrent impeded his passage, he never allowed any soldier to attempt to cross it, till he gave orders from the opposite side. If a rock opposed his progress, he

thrust into its cliffs his sword or javelin, rested his foot on this feeble support, and thus ascended over the most dangerous precipices; and having arrived alone at the summit, he encouraged his associates to follow his example. Herfilia's image advanced always before him, and rendered every difficulty smooth and easy. Animated by his example, his troops overcame all the impediments which had threatened to obstruct their passage.

Arrived at length at the summit of the mountains, he beheld with astonishment cultivated fields, and pastures covered with flocks. Numa encouraged the shepherds whom he met, in the following terms: I am not come hither to treat you with oppression; be not afraid either for your property, or yourselves;
con-

conduct us to the principal place of your abode ; furnish us with provisions, for which you shall be justly paid, and allow us to occupy for three days the defiles of your mountains. At these words their fears were dissipated, and they conducted the Sabines to their village.

How great was Numa's surprize and joy to find its inhabitants those very Rheates, whom he had restored to freedom ! The old man who had addressed him on the day of the sacrifice, came forward, and beholding him, exclaimed : O happy day ! This, my friends and children, is that benevolent hero to whom you owe the liberty and the possessions you now enjoy ; it is Numa himself !—At the sound of that name the most joyful acclamations were uttered ; the Rheates fell on their

knees before him. Each pressed forward to express his gratitude in the most ardent terms. One was indebted to him for a mother. Another blessed him for having restored to her a husband. Without your goodness, exclaimed a child, I had been a helpless orphan! Son of an immortal being, added they, for the benefactors of mankind must be the true progeny of the gods, what cause of gratitude to them do we now experience in again beholding you, in kissing those hands by which our chains were broken, and in contemplating a hero who delights in mercy and beneficence! Whatever you can here wish for is your own; our lives and property are at your disposal; in you we see our father and our king; nay more, our friend and deliverer.

This

This affecting language drew tears of sensibility from the eyes of Numa. The valiant Sabines were moved by so tender a scene, and already were united by a cordial friendship to this virtuous people. The soldiers and inhabitants mingled together, embraced, gave and received every thing which hospitality or friendship could bestow. Every habitation was crowded with Numa's troops. Husbands, wives, and children, were equally impatient to shew them kindness, and to give whatever they possessed. The Rheates and Sabines became one people, and seemed to constitute the same family. Numa was respected and beloved by all; and this sentiment alone was sufficient to bind them by the strongest ties to each other.

After

After some hours spent in rational gratification, a signal was made to assemble the soldiers together ; and the inhabitants, at the sound of the trumpet, came to offer their assistance. Each was armed with what he could most easily procure. One brought a sword which had been long covered with rust ; another a dusty shield ; a third a plough-share, intended as a javelin ; and many had clubs, which they had just torn from trees. We will fight under your standard, said they to Numa ; we will compose part of your army ; and be assured that if the heart be a sufficient requisite to form a soldier, you will never command braver troops.

Thus speaking, they endeavoured to imitate the Sabines, in ranging themselves in order. This undisciplined

plined crowd ardently requested to be employed first on the most dangerous enterprize.

Numa tried in vain to repress their zeal ; and he refused to expose them to danger. Their affection surpassed his authority ; for notwithstanding his commands and entreaties, he was compelled to see his army increased to double its former number. He now explained to them his projects : and that he wished to become master of those elevated posts, whence he might crush and overwhelm the enemy.

The Rheates immediately conducted his troops into the most dangerous defiles : they pointed out the stations which they should occupy, and assisted in felling trees, and preparing pieces of rock, with
which

which the enemy might be annoyed ; and mingling with the troops of their benefactor, and resolved to share in their dangers, they waited with impatience for the Roman army.

Romulus soon made his appearance. By a skilful retreat he had departed from his camp, alluring and repelling continually the Marfi and the Samnites. The nearer he approached the mountains, the more he affected disorder in his march. By his order, the rear fled with precipitation ; and Romulus's entrance into the mountains had all the appearance of a defeat. Sophanor, Leo, and the general of the Samnites were deceived ; and their army, composed of warriors more brave than penetrating, entered the defiles, believing they pursued a flying enemy.

Romulus,

Romulus, instructed by Numa's guides, led them into the most dangerous paths. He then stopped, and at the head of a chosen body of troops, waited for the enemy, in order of battle. The gallant Leo sprung forward against the Romans ; and the Samnites and Marfi were disputing who should advance first, when a shower of stones, and trunks of trees, darted from the tops of the mountains, and threatened to crush them to pieces. The leaders and soldiers stopped, looked up, and beheld the precipices over their heads covered with lances. This prospect chilled them with terror ; they dared not to advance towards Romulus ; and it was beyond their power to return, for their retreat was cut off by the cautious Numa. Inclosed on all sides, em-
barraſſed

barrassed by their number, crushed by the fragments of rock which the Rheates and Sabines incessantly rolled upon them, the allies, seeing before them inevitable destruction, without being able to use their arms, requested to capitulate.

Leo's indignation now rose to a pitch beyond all description. Like an Hyrcanian tigress, who, caught in a toil near her den, sees her whelps carried away without being able to defend them; she groans with rage, grinds to powder every stone which she can seize, and devours with vindictive eyes the enemy she cannot reach.—The rage of Leo redoubled at the cries of his vanquished army. No, exclaimed he with a tremendous voice, never while Leo is your general, expect his sanction to cowardice and mean-

meanness. Marfi and Samnites, before you beg for life on your knees, have at least the courage to behold me sacrifice myself. He spoke ; and darting across arms and rocks, in spite of the stones and trunks of trees which were hurled at him from the mountain, he determined, though alone, to reach its summit.

The Rheates and Sabines immediately united to oppose his passage ; and prepared to overwhelm him from the summit. But Numa hastened, and prevented their intention ; he suspended the destruction which hung over the head of Leo. Friends, exclaimed he, respect his bravery : I have hitherto opposed the advantage of situation to that of numbers ; but against the valour of a single man, my own courage shall be my only defence. Stop, Leo,
I will

I will spare thee the trouble of advancing further.

He spoke ; and descended with intrepidity ; he sent back the Sabines who wished to attend him, and met his formidable adversary on the level summit of a rock, surrounded with precipices, and where there was only room sufficient for the combat. Here the parties stopped, and contemplated each other in silence, by mutual admiration. The two armies paused from slaughter ; every soldier, forgetful of himself, fixed his attention on the combatants ; and from the elevated and dangerous station on which they stood, they seemed to present their respective troops with an awful spectacle, on which their fate depended.

Silence

Silence was first interrupted by Leo: Gallant youth, exclaimed he, I esteem the courage thou hast shewn, and cannot, without reluctance, exert my strength against thee. Return, I beseech thee, to thy troops; and allow me to revenge myself on warriors less worthy than thyself.

In our army, answered Numa, such warriors are not to be found; the most inferior among the Romans is my equal; and thou shalt soon be convinced whether I deserve to be an object of thy pity. He spoke; and unable to hurl his javelin on account of the narrow space on which they stood, he seized it with both his hands, and struck it furiously against the breast of Leo. The stroke was tremendous; but the weapon encountered the lion's skin, just where its paws formed a triple breast-plate. By this impene-
P trable

trable rampart its point was bent, and by the violence of his exertion the javelin was broken in the hands of Numa.

Leo staggered; but his fury was increased. He raised his formidable weapon, and whirling it around his head, discharged a formidable blow on Numa's shield, which it shattered into a thousand pieces. Numa sunk on his knee, but recovered immediately himself. He drew his sword, the sword of Pompilius; his only weapon which remained. Leo attempted a second stroke, but the active Numa avoided it. Confined within a dangerous and narrow area, attentive to each other's motions, they gave many ineffectual blows, and avoided many which would have proved mortal; like two serpents confined in a small vessel, winding round each other

other in numberless folds, without being able with their darts to give a single wound.

Leo, at length, roused at such long resistance, grasped his club with both hands, and rushing on his enemy, suspended over his head inevitable destruction. Numa could no longer avoid the blow; he raised up his sword, which would have proved too feeble a defence, had not Ceres interposed. From the height of Olympus she contemplated this tremendous contest. When seeing her favourite in such imminent danger, she hastened to his assistance, and averted with her invincible arm the impending stroke; and Leo, carried forward by his own violence, and the weight of his club, fell prostrate on the ground, like an aged

pine torn up by the roots by lightning. Numa rushed upon his antagonist; with one hand he seized him by the throat, and with the other pointed his sword against his heart. Thy life, said he, is in my power; but I cannot inflict death on such a valiant foe. I tender peace, and am more anxious to become thy friend than thy conqueror.

While he thus spoke, Numa returned his sword into its scabbard. And Leo when he arose, ardently embraced his generous enemy.— They both descended as friends towards the Marrian troops, and immediately chose deputies to treat with Romulus concerning terms of peace.

Numa, attended by Leo, conducted them to the Roman monarch.
He

He solicited in favour of the Marfi ; and at his request Romulus listened to proposals. Set at liberty, said he, my ally the king of Campania ; restore to him his treasures and his captives. The territories of the Aurunci, which that monarch has been anxious to recover, whether yours or his, will be ever between you a subject of contention ; they shall therefore be ceded to me. As a recompence for this sacrifice, the king of Capua shall resign to you the city of Auxencia, and his son Capis shall be your hostage till the terms of the treaty are fulfilled.

The Marfi deriving greater advantages from this peace than the king of Campania, agreed to it without hesitation ; and Romulus, who became master of a new province,

vince, considered as trivial the interests of an ally, whom he regarded with contempt. Yet was anxious that the valour of Numa should meet with an ample recompence. Gallant youth, said he, thou shalt in my stead enjoy a triumph ; in my car, at the head of my army, thou shalt make thy entrance into Rome : Leo shall march before thee, and thou shalt receive my daughter's hand at the altar of Jupiter.

Illustrious fovereign, answered Numa, it is to you alone that a triumph is due ; Hersilia's hand sufficiently gratifies my highest ambition. The gallant Leo I have not subdued. It was not owing to me that he was vanquished ; Ceres left Olympus to bestow on me the victory. Return, Leo, to thy people ; thou art still free and invincible, for thou
hast

haſt only yielded to the immortal gods.

He ſpoke; and both Romans and Marſi believed they had heard the voice of a divinity: Leo threw himſelf into his arms, claſped him to his boſom, and ſhed tears of admiration. He oppoſed the ſentiments of Numa; and acknowledged himſelf to have been conquered. But Numa avowed to both the armies the aid he had received: he thanked aloud the goddeſs for having preſerved his life, and thus gained to himſelf immortal honour, while he declined that which he had no right to enjoy.

The peace being ſigned, the king of Campania was ſet at liberty; Romulus gained to Capis his freedom, and the troops had already ſet forward to take poſſeſſion of the coun-

try of the Aurunci. Numa and Leo could not part without mutual protestations of eternal friendship, and they endeavoured to cement their affection by gifts. Numa presented his friend with a majestic Thracian courser, which Tatius had given him. And Leo obliged Numa to accept of a helmet forged by Vulcan, which he had received from the leader of the Samnites. Do not part with this mark of my affection, said he; and preserve to me always thy friendship; I promise to consecrate my life to thee, when it is mine to dispose of. Such was the parting of these gallant warriors.

Romulus, who was ready to enter on his journey to Rome, placed Numa in the same car with Hersilia, and ordered that they should proceed at the head of the army. Arrived at the
sum-

summit of his wishes, Numa could not contain his transports. He was near to the object whom he adored; he was sure of possessing her. That idea deprived him at once of reason and of speech. Though surrounded with glory, the favourite of Romulus, and the favour of the army, he still trembled at being near Hersilia. He gazed on her with silent awe; in vain had he obtained what he could not believe himself to have deserved.

The Roman army had already passed the Liris, when a messenger covered with dust called aloud for Numa, and approached with every appearance of distress and anxiety. Numa asked with impatience if some calamity had befallen Tatius. I come not from Rome, said he, but from the sacred forest, and the temple of Ceres. The venerable Tullus has
not

not been able to support your absence; wounded by your neglect, he is approaching the gates of death, and begs to see you once before he is no more.

Surprized and agitated at this news, Numa leapt from his car; and without stopping either to bid adieu to Hersilia, or to acquaint Romulus with his departure, he mounted a courser, and hastened with all possible rapidity towards Sabinia.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK VI.

The joy of Tullus on seeing Numa. The tender and pious attention which is paid him by his pupil. The pontiff's prudent advice. The death of Tullus. The grief and regret of Numa. He wishes to return to Hersilia. He passes through a country laid desolate by that princess, and seized with horror at the scene, returns to Rome. Romulus's address to his people. Tatius's answer. Preparations for the marriage of Hersilia and Numa. Tatius is assassinated. Numa comes to his assistance, and swears to espouse his daughter.

FOLLOWING the course of the river Anio, with grief and precipitation, Numa hastened from a mistress whom he adored, at the moment he was to have become her husband, and relin-

linquished the honours of a triumph. But by these sacrifices his tears were not excited ; they flowed from a sense of Tullus's danger, and from regret at having neglected that venerable friend for the illusions of love. He dreaded the reproaches which he deserved ; he was still more apprehensive lest Tullus should be no more. Alas ! said he to himself, had I not deserted him, I should perhaps have prolonged his days ; I might at least have softened his misfortunes : it was doubtless my duty to pay his age the same affectionate regard, which he bestowed on my helpless infancy. Ungrateful wretch that I am : self-reproach will poison my future life ; fame and glory will afford me no consolation. Alas ! of how little value is the applause of the world, if our own hearts goad us with accusations !

Amidst

Amidst reflections like these, Numa had already passed the plains of Car-seoli. Without pausing a moment, he left behind him the enchanting Tibur, the cascade of the Anio, the forest of Eretum, and began to discover the sacred wood, and the summit of the temple. What melancholy and soothing ideas did this prospect suggest to his imagination ! How was his mind affected at beholding the place of his nativity ! Yet he was attracted by a still more powerful principle ; he ran, he arrived at the pontiff's dwelling ; whom he found reclining on his bed of sorrow, surrounded by the priests and the poor.

Numa shrieked at the sight, threw himself on his knees, seized Tullus's hand, and covered it with tears and kisses. The feeble pontiff opened his languid eye-lids, and perceived
 Numa

Numa. — Immediately his countenance seemed to be illumined by a celestial ray ; his eyes became reanimated, and his colour returned : O my son, exclaimed he, my dearest son, do I again behold thee ? Have the gods listened to my supplication ? Come, hasten to my arms ; I fear lest I should die with joy before I embrace thee. While he spoke these words, he raised himself up with difficulty, and stretched out to Numa his trembling hands. He clasped, and pressed him to his bosom ; he could neither speak nor quit his embraces ; and his affectionate pupil could answer his silent eloquence only with sighs and tears.

The agitation which Tullus experienced exhausted his feeble powers. He fell motionless on the bed, almost without life, yet still grasping
the

the hand of Numa. His attendants pressed forward to his assistance; his son's voice recalled him to life; he opened his eyes, and, with scarce the use of speech, commanded to be left alone with Numa. Then embracing him again, he said, Do I once more hold thee in these arms? The gods may now dispose of me as they please; the cruel fates may cut the thread of my existence; I have seen thee, and I shall die contented. Could I for a few moments longer enjoy thy presence, I should gently reproach thee for thy conduct; but the little period which remains is too short for the indulgence of my affection. Let us speak only of it and thee. Give me, my child, an account of thyself; thou hast doubtless enjoyed happiness; for thou hast had no need of communicating

nicating to me thy misfortunes.—
Communicate to me all thy successes ;
the recital will retain my flying spirit ;
at least my death will be easier,
if the last words which strike my
ear, afford me an assurance that I
leave thee happy.

Alas ! my father, answered Numa,
no happiness awaits for me, if the
gods do not prolong your life, if they
do not grant this to my tears, to
my repentance, to my contrition for
having been able to abandon you, for
having neglected so kind a parent.

Why dost thou speak of *me*, interrupted the venerable pontiff, when it
is thyself alone who can interest my
attention. I have not been neglected
by thee, since thou still lovest me,
and hast ever regarded me with affection.
I am contented to possess
thy heart ! be not then more severe
in

in thy judgment than myself. Speak to me of my son: his concerns occupy my soul. If thou hast committed errors, fear not to make them known to me; thou art well acquainted with thy parent, and the moment of our eternal separation is not surely a season for severity.

While he thus spoke, he stretched out his hand to Numa; and notwithstanding the severe pains which he endured, he beheld him with a tender smile. Numa's confusion was by degrees dissipated, his features recovered their serenity, and his eyes cast on his dying friend glances of confidence and mildness. Thus a blooming rose, which a storm has bent to the ground, raises its drooping head at the first rays of the returning sun.

Numa then gave Tullus an account of his arrival at Rome, and of

Q

his

his reception from Tatius; he did not conceal the tender passion which consumed him, or the difficulties which it impelled him to undertake. The simple truth presided over his recital: he severely condemned himself for not having followed the pontiff's advice, and for having deserted Tatius; he sought not to disguise his failings, but omitted rather those brilliant exploits which might excuse and adorn them.

By listening to this relation, Tullus forgot his sufferings. But he raised his eyes to heaven, on hearing that Hersilia possessed the heart of Numa: Cruel love! exclaimed he, I see the dire effects of thy power! Thou hast inflamed this virtuous youth with a passion for the daughter of that impious king, who compelled us, by the most injurious outrage, to become
his

his allies ; who used the name of the gods to allure us into his snare, and to plunge Sabinia into disgrace and sorrow ! Thou believest that thou art arrived at the summit of human happiness, because Romulus has promised thee his daughter ; but I cannot look forward without tears to the dreadful evils which those nuptials must produce. Thou wilt no sooner become the son-in-law of Romulus, than thou wilt forfeit the affection of the Sabines ; thou wilt be suspected even by Tatius himself ; thou wilt perhaps become his enemy. For, be assured, amity will not always subsist between the two monarchs ; at the bottom of their hearts enmity lurks : the least spark will kindle it into a flame ; and thou wilt be compelled to choose between the father of thy wife, and the

Q 2

parent,

parent, the friend of thy father; between thy lawful monarch, the most just and virtuous of mankind, and a king of robbers, who has never known any other right than violence, any other virtue than valour, whose first exploit was to murder his own brother, and who sealed his alliance with the Sabines with the blood of Pompilius. — I see thee tremble! Yet, such is the man, whom thou preparest to call thy father. Immortal gods! Either avert what I fear, or tear from thy pure bosom that poisoned arrow, which must destroy thy piety, virtue, and sacred love of thy country.

To these arguments of his venerable friend Numa was unable to return an answer: the name of Pompilius alone had covered him with confusion. Tullus felt compassion for his anxiety;

anxiety ; he dreaded wounding him too deeply with the severity of his reflections ; he therefore delayed a while mentioning other truths which he was anxious to inculcate. Like a skilful physician, who gives at intervals, portions of a salutary yet violent medicine to a feeble patient.

From this moment Numa took upon himself the whole attendance on the pontiff. Day and night, ever at his side, always occupied either with the hope of saving or the fear of losing him, he watched over and felt for him in every pain which he suffered ; the affectionate mother who attends upon her child on the bed of death could not exceed Numa either in zeal or patience. Tullus took every medicine from his son's hand ; and every syllable he uttered was instantly replied to by Numa.

Q 3

He

He soothed and consoled him, suppressed his tears, and affected perpetually joy and hope, which were strangers to his bosom. He discharged at the same time the duty of a friend, of a son, and of a servant; and the conqueror of Leo had not found in victory a pleasure so grateful to his soul, as that which he now experienced in being serviceable to his benefactor.

In a few days, however, the disorder increased, and Tullus's last hour was approaching. That moment was to him arrayed in no terror. He had always lived knowing he should die. At every instant of his life he was always prepared to appear before his immortal judge. His days passed in one uniform tenour of virtue, and the period of their conclusion was only the commencement of his reward.

Numa

Numa was at present the sole object of his attention. Ordering every other person to retire, he took his hand, which he grasped eagerly in his own, and addressed him in the following words. My son, I am at the point of death. Thy kindness has made ample amends for thy former neglect; I am now thy debtor; and it gives me inexpressible pleasure to carry this reflection with me to my grave. In a little hour, it is true, I shall have no need of Numa; but he, perhaps, will want my assistance. It is this thought alone which gives poignancy to the pang of death. Thy passion for Herfilia fills my last moments with bitterness and terror. Thy heart is captivated by an object insufficient for its happiness; thou hast fallen a victim to the first temptation;

tion ; and a momentary illusion has prompted thee to commit a lasting error.

There are two passions, Numa, which bear the name of love, which are productive of the happiness or misery of mankind. The more common, and perhaps the more violent of these, is that with which thou art inflamed. Its empire is founded on the senses ; from these it derives its origin and its existence ; it flows in the veins, but has no dwelling in the heart ; far from elevating, it degrades the mind. It regards not what is estimable, but what affords enjoyment. This contemptible passion has no connection with the soul : judge then if real happiness can be derived from it. No, my son, the gods have only allowed it the power it possesses, in order to humble the pride of man.

The

The other passion of love, which is a gift from heaven, springs from esteem, and lives by the same principle. It is less a passion than a virtue; it possesses no enthusiastic transports, and knows only tender emotions. It has its residence in the soul; it animates and enlightens without consuming; it furnishes the only nourishment suited to itself, a desire of arriving at all perfection. Its pleasures are always pure; and even its pains are not destitute of satisfaction. In the midst of the greatest sufferings, it enjoys a gentle peace; and that peace alone is capable of ensuring happiness. Thou wilt experience, my son, that these sentiments are true; thou wilt find that honour, riches, pleasure, nay glory itself, cannot equal that peace, which innocence alone affords; and age, which destroys
every

every thing else, seems to increase the satisfaction which arises from it.

Thou best can tell me, my son, to which of these passions thy own bears a resemblance. O Numa, believe a father who loves thee, and who regrets his departure from life, only as it deprives him of the happiness of attending to thy welfare. Thou wilt never possess felicity, till thou shalt be able to command thyself, and hold over thy passions an undisputed empire. Imagine not that this dominion is superior to human weakness. Descend into thyself, my son, and thou wilt ever find a principle of virtue ready to combat every vice, which may endeavour to seduce thee. If thy senses be inflamed by beauty; thou hast reason for thy defence: if thou art oppressed by fatigue, thou hast courage for thy support: if thou
art

art shocked by injustice ; a regard for the peace of society makes thee forget revenge : if thou art oppressed by calamity, thou must call patience to thy aid. Thus in every situation heaven has provided thee either with consolation or support. Take advantage then of thy Creator's bounty, and cease to believe thyself weak, in order only to have an excuse for falling.

But I feel that death is approaching, and my voice is almost exhausted. My dearest son, I conjure thee to stifle a fatal passion, which must render thee for ever wretched. I can only add, that by thy own confession even in its infancy this passion has made thee forget Tullus ; what assurance hast thou that it will not tempt thee to forget virtue ? I have reason to believe that thou hast regarded her and myself with equal affection.

Such

Such were the last words of Tullus. In a few moments after, he expired in the arms of Numa, endeavouring by his latest sigh to shew him the tenderest regard.

Though his death had approached by gradual steps, yet it nearly proved fatal to the son of Pompilius. He could not without violence be separated from the lifeless body of his friend; and his despair rose to an alarming height. Exhausted by grief and watching, and refusing all nourishment, he was anxious himself to support the body of Tullus, and to place it on the funeral pile. Attended by the priests, and all the inhabitants of Sabinia, he advanced, pale and overwhelmed with grief, carrying the beloved remains of the regretted pontiff. When he had placed it on the pile, he long
con-

contemplated it with a fixed attention, and, after numberless embraces, could not resolve to leave it.

O my father! exclaimed he, with the most disconsolate agitation, shall I then no longer behold you! Must those lips never again assure me of your tender love! Must those eyes never more behold me with anxious fondness! Ye gods, who have long since deprived me of the authors of my being, why a second time inflict on me so severe a calamity? Yes, I am to-day again deprived of my mother and Pompilius, in the loss of my friend and benefactor. Every blessing which heaven can shower down on man, either for his support or comfort, is with Tullus taken from me. The world to me is now a desert, since Tullus is no longer its inhabitant. Ye poor, ye unfortunate,

ate, ye who like myself are abandoned orphans, come hither, and join your griefs with mine; our common sorrow makes us brethren; let us together kiss the cold and inanimate remains of the inestimable parent we have lost.

When he had thus spoken, the poor approached, and the Sabines wept aloud. In the place of words, inarticulate sounds and deep sighs were only heard. These were redoubled when the flames ascended, and began to consume the body. By an involuntary impulse Numa rushed forward to preserve it from their fury, but was prevented, and the fire soon consumed the mortal remains of the best of men. To the bitterness of lamentation a profound silence succeeded. The Sabines, the priests, and Numa, beheld with mute anguish the
ashes

ashes of the benefactor, whom they had been accustomed to regard with reverence and affection.

The fire was then extinguished with wine, the ashes of Tullus were collected together, and deposited in an urn, which was placed by Numa in the same vault, and on the same tomb, with that which contained those of his mother. Ye ashes, said he, who are the idols of my adoration, be forever united. Preserve the same connection, which bound, during your life, your minds together. May your pure and happy spirits be delighted in Elysium, if not with the virtues of your son, at least with his sensibility and filial affection! He then cut off a lock of his hair, and consecrated it to the manes of Tullus; and having sacrificed to Erebus ten black sheep,

con-

concluded the pious and mournful ceremony.

Having discharged this melancholy duty, and being mindful of Tullus's advice, Numa set forward on his journey to join the army. In vain, however did he acknowledge the justice of his counsel, when he reflected on the dangers with which he was surrounded, and on the grief which he should occasion to Tatius and his people; in vain did he feel a secret horror, at the idea of becoming the son-in-law of the prince who deprived his parents of existence. Hersilia's image, the dread of seeing her become another's, all the transports of love, all the torments of jealousy, united together to oppose his reason, and his filial affection. He trembled at the thought of disobeying the last injunctions of the pontiff; and with tears
he

he besought his manes to forgive his weakness. He was persuaded that the departed spirit of his friend was his constant attendant ; that it overlooked every action, and penetrated his most secret thoughts ; and to this salutary terror it was owing that his virtues became so highly meritorious.

Numa expected to meet the army on the frontiers of the Hernici ; but he was informed at Trebia, that Romulus, with half his troops, had gone to surprize Præneste ; while Herfilia, with the other half, was meditating an attack against the king of the Hernici. That monarch's refusing the Romans a passage through his country, when they went to make war against the Marfi, appeared to the implacable Romulus an unpardonable outrage. He enjoined his daughter to take the most ample vengeance ;

R and

and that unfeeling princess obeyed but too minutely his commands.

Believing that the object of his affection was exposed to danger, Numa's impatience prompted him to forced marches, in order to afford her the most speedy assistance. But how great was his surprize, how poignant his grief, when he reached the territories of the Hernici ! The path of Herfilia was marked with ruin and desolation. Her feeble enemies had fled before her, and fire and the sword were the instruments of her pursuit. Fields of corn were trodden down and destroyed, fertile trees were torn up with shameful profusion, and villages reduced to ashes still smoked from the conflagration. Those who were not saved by an early flight, had fallen victims to the sword. The lifeless body of the husbandman was
extended

extended near his broken plough ; the mother, stripped and murdered, was seen with her dead infant lying on her bosom ; the wife and husband, stabbed in each other's arms, even in death were folded in a close embrace. Rivers of blood flowed amidst heaps of ashes, and famished vultures, the only beings who prospered amidst this scene of desolation, disputed with hideous shrieks the horrid presents of Herfilia.

Immortal gods, exclaimed Numa, is this the princess to whom I am to be indebted for my future happiness ? Is this the pomp with which my nuptials are to be adorned ? Oh, Herfilia, is it possible that thou canst have occasioned this scene of horror ? This devastation has indeed been produced by the command of Romulus ; but should his daughter have executed

R 2

it ?

it? Be the respect which we owe to a parent or a king ever so powerful, the calls of humanity are of still higher concernment; and when a monarch commands a crime, death is infinitely more meritorious than obedience. Yet I have hastened to her aid, and my path is strewed with the victims she has slain! The thirsty earth is unable to imbibe the blood that she has shed. O cursed war, how extensive is thy rapacity! Such is the produce of my exploits, and such the consequences of that glory, for which I have blindly abandoned every other object! Yes, I have forgotten Tullus, I have deserted Tatius, to be the companion of tigers, who delight in carnage: I have in battle equalled them in savage fury, and believed myself an hero! O Tullus, forgive me this disgraceful error; I now erase
it

it for ever from my soul. He alone is a true hero who rescues his country from oppression ; but the monarch or the warrior, who sheds a single drop of blood which he might have spared, is a savage who is praised by mankind, because they cannot chain him in confinement.

Numa departed from this scene of carnage ; he renounced his pursuit of Herfilia, lest he should have still more cause to blush for her inhumanity ; he left the country of the Hernici, and, ashamed of being a soldier, with a disconsolate heart pursued his journey to Rome.

The whole army were already returned. At the moment in which Numa arrived, Romulus was giving thanks to the gods for the calamities which he had brought upon mankind, and endeavouring to ennoble

his cruelties by associating the deities in their execution.

Numa repaired to the capitol, where Tatius, his daughter, and the Sabines were assembled. As he approached, the amiable monarch perceived him at a distance, hastened as speedily as his age would permit, and embraced him with the most sincere affection. He shed tears of joy at his return; but they were converted to those of sorrow, when he was informed of the death of Tullus. Such is the wretchedness of age! exclaimed he, that it survives the objects of its tenderest regard! My daughter and thyself, Numa, are all that is left me upon earth; I now centre in your welfare every sentiment of my soul, and I have at least the pleasing hope of leaving the world before you.

While

While he thus spoke, he took his daughter's hand, joined it to that of Numa, and pressed them to his heart: Tatia blushed, and felt her hand tremble within Numa's : she dared not to look upon him, but cast her eyes upon the ground.

Yet even then he was in search of Herfilia ; and discovered her at last by the side of Romulus. His passion in a moment recovered its former violence, and destroyed at once the effect of Tullus's advice. He was impatient to pay Tatius the tender marks of his regard ; and, disengaging himself from his embraces, and bowing coldly to his daughter, he approached Romulus with hasty steps. The Roman monarch received him with the warmest regard, and commanding silence, presented him to his people.

Romans, said he, you have beheld me honoured with a triumph ; but it was Numa who deserved that distinction ; it is to him that I owe my victory ; and I give him his reward in my daughter, for whom so many kings have sued in vain, and by whom so many heroes have been rejected with contempt.

On hearing this, the Romans shouted for joy ; but the Sabines preserved a discontented silence. Tatius remained immovable, as if he had been transfixed by lightning ; his daughter turned pale, and approached her father with agitation. Herfilia observed it, and darted on her rival glances of jealousy. Numa beheld alternately Tatia, Herfilia, the Sabines, and Tatius, with the most embarrassed regard.

Romulus, however, proceeded without emotion : To-morrow, on this altar,

tar, loaded with the spoils of Italy, these august nuptials shall be accomplished. I will celebrate them by solemn games, which shall continue for ten days.

At the sound of games, the Sabines beheld each other with looks of mutual dissatisfaction. Tatius raised up his eyes to heaven, Numa cast his upon the ground.

Romans, continued Romulus, when I shall have discharged my debts of gratitude, I mean to engage, for your interest, in new projects. I meditate a conquest over the country of the Aurunci; but this addition to your territories will be of little advantage, while the Volscians are situated between it and you. The subjection of these is essential, and in ten days I shall march against them. Romans, you are designed by nature to be engaged

gaged in perpetual war: on this depends not only your fame, but even your existence. Peace would be to you the most direful calamity; it would enervate your minds, and impair your strength. Consider the superiority which you will ever possess over other nations, while aiming at perfection in the constant practice of war, you oppose enemies who have been debilitated by long tranquillity. Were they your equals in courage, which is to suppose what is impossible, they must ever be your inferiors in strength and experience. Such feeble enemies must be subdued long before they can have an opportunity of learning from you the use of arms. Thus invading by degrees every nation in Italy, exciting divisions among them to render conquest more easy, forming alliances with the weak, and after converting them

them to our purpose reducing them to subjection, we shall in a short period obtain that dominion over the world, promised to Rome by Jupiter. Every project must be lawful, by which the will of the gods can be accomplished ; and victory is a sufficient justification of all the means, by which it can be obtained.

Let war then, Romans, be your only study, your only science, your only occupation.' Let others cultivate with the sweat of their brows an ungrateful soil ; let them acquire opulence by commerce, by industry, and by the other inventions of human weakness. It shall be your employment to reap the fields which they have sown, and to dissipate the wealth which their parsimony has collected. They are the progeny of the earth, and are therefore properly occupied in its cultivation. You are the sons
of

of Mars, and conquest should be your only profession. You must wage eternal war with all those who refuse to acknowledge your authority. The universe is your inheritance, and its possessors are no other than usurpers of your possessions. Never therefore relax in your endeavours to recover what is so justly your own.

This speech was received by the troops with applause, and by the people with murmurs. The mingled noise which it occasioned resembled that of a swarm of bees departing from their hive, while it is despoiled of the produce of their industrious labour.

After a short pause, Tatius rose on the tribunal where he had been seated opposite to Romulus, beheld his people with looks of tenderness, and raised his golden sceptre as a signal for silence. His venerable appearance,
added

added to his known integrity, inspired the most respectful and profound attention. Surprized and alarmed, Romulus regarded him with anger. Thus, in the assembly of the gods, does the tremendous Jupiter look down on Saturn, when he opposes his decrees.

Romulus, said the amiable monarch, there is no Roman who admires more than myself thy warlike talents, and thy love of fame. I enjoy, as much as thyself, thy triumphs; and I am pleased with recollecting, during the course of a long life, that I never knew a warrior who deserved to be thy rival in the annals of heroism. But the title of a hero is not alone sufficient to adorn a king. There is another appellation more mild, and much more glorious, that of an affectionate father. Behold that
portion

portion of thy subjects clad in burnished armour; they doubtless merit the affection they experience: but behold also that remaining crowd, ten times more numerous than thy warriors, covered with rags, because they have contributed what should have purchased clothing to the exigencies of war; these, though they are equally thy children, are treated as enemies to the state. They are deprived of their bread, their husbands, and their children. Thy laurels are bathed in their tears, and each of thy victories is purchased with their property and their blood. It is time to let them pause from slaughter. It is time that they, whose fathers have sacrificed their lives in thy defence, should be allowed to live in safety. Cease then to carry on this trade of carnage, and still more cease to assert, that thou
art

art accomplishing the decrees of heaven. The gods desire the happiness of mankind : their first gift was the golden age ; and when assembled on Olympus they gave victory to Minerva, it was bestowed on her for producing the peaceful olive. Saturn was the only immortal who reigned in Italy : remember the system of his government, and cease to calumniate the gods, by urging, that they commanded men to destroy each other.

Thou hast asserted that the Romans can subsist only by war. Shew me a single nation which owes its welfare to this horrid support ; and tell me from what cause such innumerable multitudes have been swept from the face of the earth. Was it by war that unfortunate Thebes preserved her grandeur ? Yet she vanquished the seven kings of Argolis,
and

and her victory proved her destruction. Was it by war that thy Trojan ancestors maintained their power in Asia? War is the disease of nations; and they who are exposed to its frequent attacks, sink at last under its pernicious influence. I conjure thee, therefore, Romulus, in the name of that people who for thee has shed such a profusion of blood, that thou wouldst allow that blood time to return again into our exhausted veins. No nation at present meditates hostilities against thee; thy conquests are sufficiently illustrious: let us employ ourselves in rendering happy the people whom thy arm has subdued. Alas! notwithstanding my vigilance, I am unable to punish every criminal, or to succour all those who are distressed: assist me then in this noble occupation. Let us together visit our
empire,

empire, which thy valour has rendered so extensive ; and when we shall have wiped away the tears of all the wretched, supplied the wants of all the indigent ; when, in fine, there shall be no longer an unhappy individual within our dominions, I will then consent that thou mayst extend the territories of Rome.

He spoke, and Romulus murmured indignation ; the people sent forth shouts of joy, and even the army was not unmoved. Romulus was preparing a reply ; and his countenance sufficiently indicated that his sentiments did not accord with those of Tatius. But at once the people pressed forward, gathered in crowds around him, and allowed him not to begin. Women, children, and old men, on their knees before him, with extended arms, cried aloud for peace. Son

S

of

of the gods, said they, grant us peace. Listen, we beseech thee, to our supplication ; take, if thou wilt, our possessions, but allow us the blessings of peace.

O my children, said Tatius, frantic and weeping, I promise you your petition. In the name of humanity and friendship I have hitherto begged it of Romulus ; I now, as his colleague, and as his equal in power and dignity, demand it of him. Should he refuse my request, I will march at your head, and place myself at the gates of Rome : there we will wait the arrival of him and his army ; we will fall prostrate on the earth, and we will see if those barbarians will dare to tread under foot, their king, their mothers, and their children.

At these words, the whole army exclaimed, No, never, never, while we
have

have existence. Every soldier threw down his arms, mingled with the people, fell on his knees, embraced his mother and his children, and joined with them the common cry for peace.

Romulus, compelled to yield for the first time in his life, suppressed his resentment, granted a truce, and retired hastily to his palace. He was always followed by his guards, whom he called Celeres, and whom he had embodied on purpose to attend upon his person.

He had scarce left the assembly, when, discharging the rage, with which his heart overflowed, in imprecations on Tatius, he suffered to escape him the following imprudent words, from which such a train of evils was derived : How far will that importunate old man fetter the sinews of my fame? Have I no friend who will

free me from such an incumbrance ! These fatal expressions were by the Celeres but too well understood.

Herfilia had followed Romulus, but Numa had not dared to attend upon Herfilia. Reclining against a column, with his eyes cast upon the ground, he compared in his mind the virtues of Tatius with the savage disposition of his intended father, and remained fixed in the profoundest contemplation. Tatius approached him : Son-in-law of Romulus, said he, taking him by the hand, wilt thou also make war against me ?

At these words, Numa burst into tears ; he fell on his knees, and exclaimed, Oh my father, I dare not meet your eyes ; pardon —

I forgive thee every thing, interrupted the amiable king, if thou wilt promise me while I live thy affection-
ate

ate regard. Without asking my opinion, thou hast disposed of thyself; thou hast formed an alliance little pleasing to the Sabines: I am doubtful whether the venerable Tullus would have recommended to thee this connection; yet, if it be the source of thy happiness, we ought unanimously to give it our approbation. I was anxious, Numa, to be thy parent; but it is for Romulus that that happiness is now reserved; I cannot conceal from thee that I envy him his situation. Alas! should he fail to discharge the tender duties of his station; should his heart not feel the value of that alliance, which would have been to me so dear, my paternal bosom shall be ever open for thy reception, and Tatius will owe thee gratitude, if thou wilt visit him for consolation.

After speaking these words he retired, and left Numa confounded and agitated by love and remorse.

Numa hoped to find relief for his disordered mind in the presence of Herfilia ; he hastened to the palace of Romulus, and beheld the preparations for his nuptials. At this scene he was transported with joy ; but his joy was not unmixed, it was corrupted by reflection. He conversed with the object of his affection, he heard her confess that he was beloved ; yet the rapture which that avowal excited could not banish from his heart a secret horror. He contemplated Herfilia, he discovered that her eyes were the heralds of love ; yet he could not be satisfied that peace had its dwelling there. Numa became the victim of disquietude ; he was constantly reminding himself that
the

the morrow was destined for his happiness ; yet a voice called to him from the bottom of his soul, and told him that felicity was still at a great distance. This inward monitor did not abstain from reproaches ; and Numa in vain persuaded himself that they were undeserved ; his heart perpetually disavowed the arguments which his mind suggested.

Thus the prey of anxiety, apprehension, and love, he directed his steps towards the forest of Egeria, where his eyes first beheld the enchanting Herfilia. He was anxious to visit scenes which had been dear to his remembrance ; the mysterious dream recurred to his recollection : he was in hopes that the oblation of his vows in the temple of Minerva, would induce the goddess to restore him
to

to that serenity of mind, which he was so desirous to regain.

He proceeded on his expedition; the day was declining. He had scarce entered the forest, when he heard cries of distress; he thought he recollected the voice, and, with his drawn sword, rushed to the place from whence it issued. How great was his surprize and horror! He beheld Tatius in the agonies of death, from the wounds which he had received from four assassins. Two of these Numa instantly dispatched; the others escaped by flight. The amiable Tatius had but a few moments to live. Numa, in all the distraction of grief, embraced and supported him; he examined his wounds, rent his garments, and stopped the blood which was flowing from them in abundance; then lifting him
from

from the ground, attempted to carry him to Rome.

Stop, my son, exclaimed Tatius, thy care and kindness are in vain. I feel the hand of death upon me, and I thank the gods that they have indulged me with expiring in thy arms. The wounds by which I perish were given me by Romulus. I recollected the assassins, and knew them to be of the number of the Celeres ; and when they gave me the fatal blow, they told me it was the first fruits of that peace which I had procured to the Romans. Thy passion for Herfilia, thy alliance with my murderer, hinder thee from avenging my death : but I expect from thee a kindness still more inestimable. I leave, Numa, a daughter behind me, whose misfortunes have deprived her of a parent, and of every support, except thyself.

thyself. Her noble origin, her title to the throne of the Sabines, will render her criminal in the eyes of Romulus : if thou dost not afford her protection, she must inevitably perish. Swear to me then, my dearest son, that thou wilt prove her guardian, her friend, and supply the place of a brother. Alas, I once fondly hoped, that she would call thee by another name : from the moment I first beheld thee, I formed a design of giving thee my daughter, of placing thee upon my throne, and of growing old in the society of my children, without any other dignity than that of their father. Flattering illusion, too soon destroyed, which would have rendered my death tranquil had it still deceived me ! At least, refuse not my petition ; pity in his last moments an old man, who was thy parent, thy friend, the
friend

friend of Tullus, and of thy father. Numa, I embrace thy knees ; defend my child ; promise to preserve her life, to watch —

I swear to you, interrupted Numa, bursting into tears, and call the manes of my mother, and those of Tullus, to bear witness to my oath ; I swear to execute your first intention, to become the husband of Tatia, to live and die for her, to share all her perils, and to hold the family of your murderer in perpetual abhorrence.

I knew that I could depend upon thy virtue ! answered Tatius, with a transport of joy ; embrace me, adorable youth : I rely upon thy promise, and die contented.

He spoke, clasped Numa in his arms, and expired ; Numa fainted on his lifeless body.

